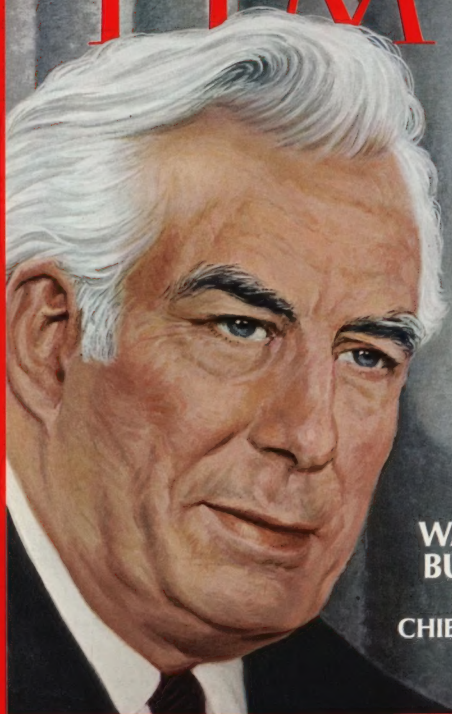


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for people
going places

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TIME is published weekly, at \$12.00 per year, by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. VOL. 80 NO. 22



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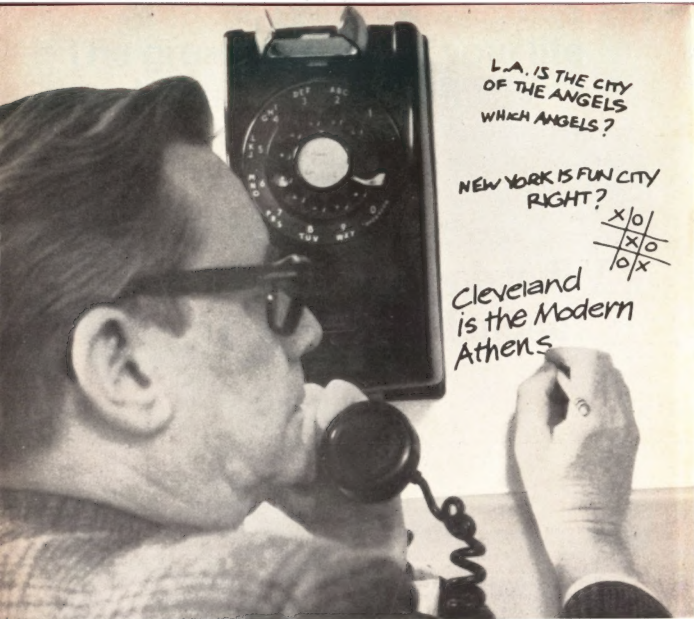
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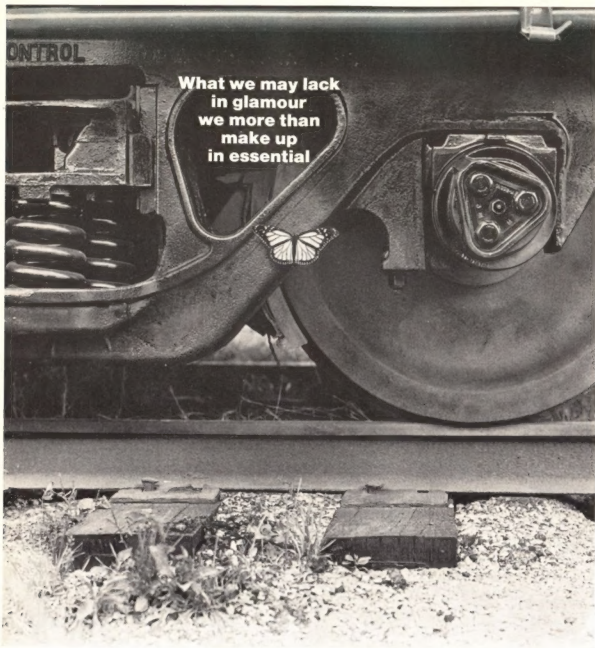
The world famous Cleveland Orchestra is here. And four museums including our fabulous museum of art. And Case Western Reserve University. And our research park. In fact, literally scores of places to visit, to use, to enjoy. And all so accessible that University Circle has become a vital part of our way of life.

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may be considering Cleveland for a regional office or an R&D installation or a plant — or even for your headquarters. And our cultural edge over most other locations just might influence your decision.

We'll be glad to go into all this in detail. Write Richard L. DeChant, Vice President, Greater Cleveland Growth Association, Union Commerce Building, Cleveland, Ohio 44115, or phone collect. (216) 621-3300.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 28
PRUDENTIALS ON STAGE (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Workers on the committee of an antipopoly project include a war hero (William Shatner) and a poor girl (Elizabeth Ashley) who fall in love while dealing with politics and urban responsibility. The play's title: "... The Skirts of Happy Chance ..."

WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch and James Mason in *The Pumpkin Eater* (1964), about a woman whose fourth marriage has reached a shattering crisis stage.

"YOUR DOLLAR'S WORTH" (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "What Price Paradise?" pits the package tour and a luau in Hawaii against the adventures (climbing Mauna Kea, cave exploring) of independent travel.

Thursday, May 29
ANIMAL WORLD (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Host Bill Burrud discusses such threatened African species as the elephant, giraffe, cheetah, lion and leopard.

THE PRISONER (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Those who missed the antics of imprisoned hero Patrick McGeehan in the show last summer can catch the series this year.

Friday, May 30
THE JOHN DAVIDSON SHOW (ABC, 8-9 p.m.). New summer froth featuring French Pop Singer Mireille Mathieu, Comic Rich Little and Baritone Davidson's pleasant demeanor. Special guests are Mama Cass and Ruth Buzzi. Premiere.

Saturday, May 31
MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME OF THE WEEK (NBC, 3 p.m. to conclusion). Detroit Tigers at Seattle Pilots.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). International Surfing championships from Makaha Beach, Hawaii, and the N.C.A.A. Wrestling championship from Provo, Utah.

Sunday, June 1
A.A.U. CHAMPIONSHIP TRACK AND FIELD (CBS, 3:30-4:30 p.m.). First annual Kennedy Memorial games from the University of California at Berkeley.

D-DAY REVISITED (ABC, 8-9 p.m.). Observing the 25th anniversary of the beginning of the end of World War II in Europe, Narrator Darryl F. Zanuck shows footage from his 1962 film *The Longest Day*.

SOUNDS OF SUMMER (NET, 8-10 p.m.). Steve Allen will host the series of summertime music festivals, with "Casals in Puerto Rico" coming first. Ninety-two-year-old Cellist Pablo Casals conducts Mozart's *Symphony No. 38* in *D Major* ("The Prague") and Brahms' *Concerto in A Minor* for violin, cello and orchestra, with Yehudi Menuhin and Leslie Parvas. Premiere.

Monday, June 2
SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). "War in the Midst?" explores the tangle of problems there; Frank Reynolds narrates this premiere of an irregularly scheduled news series.

* All times E.D.T.

Tuesday, June 3
FIRST TUESDAY (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Something for everyone on the monthly "magazine": airline stewardesses, antismoking programs, teen-agers and the occult, and population control through sterilization of males in India.

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). The Stuttgart Opera Ballet and its director John Cranko are subjects of "Cranko's Castle," a documentary-performance featuring the company in its *Opus I*.

CBS REPORTS: GENERATIONS APART (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "The Youth International" shows signs of the gap in England, Japan and Mexico.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE FRONT PAGE. Robert Ryan plays Walter Burns, the tough managing editor of the Chicago *Examiner*, and Bert Convy plays Hildy Johnson, his top reporter. In this revival of the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur saga of newspapering in the 1920s. The play has a certain cornball period flavor, but that just adds relish to a high-spirited and persistently amusing evening.

HAMLET. Some actors merely occupy space; Nicol Williamson rules the stage. His nasal voice has the sting of an adder; his furrowed brow is a topography of inconsolable anguish. His *Hamlet* is a seismogram of a soul in shock. Here is a *Hamlet* of spleen and sorrow, of fire and ice, of bantering sensuality, withering sarcasm and soaring intelligence. He cuts through the music of the Shakespearean line to the marrow of its meaning. He spurs the perfidious king who killed his father no contempt, but he saves his rage for the unfeeling gods who, in all true tragedy, make and mangle human destiny. Take him, all in all, for a great, mad, doomed, spine-shivering *Hamlet*, and anyone who fails to see *Williamson* during this limited engagement will not look upon his like again.


PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM is Woody Allen's comedy, in which he stars as a woefully unconfident young man coached in the art of winning women by his fantasy hero, Humphrey Bogart. Though the play sometimes resembles an extended nightclub routine, it proves an amusing evening.

FORTY CARATS. Julie Harris plays a middle-aged divorcee ardently wooed by a 22-year-old lad, while her teen-age daughter runs off with a wealthy widower of 45. Directed with crisp agility by Abe Burrows, the show is never less than civilized fun.

HADRIAN VII is a deft dramatization by Peter Luke of fact and fantasy in the life of Frederick William Rolfe, a rejected candidate for the priesthood who dreams of becoming Pope. Alec McCowen plays Rolfe with a masterly command of technique.

Off Broadway

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY is a black panther of a play, stalking the off-Broadway stage as if it were in an urban jungle, snarling and clawing with uninhibited fury at the contemporary fabric of black-white and black-black relationships. If the characters of Playwright Charles Gordone are not quite solidly realized, their sentiments most emphatically are. Gordone is too hon-



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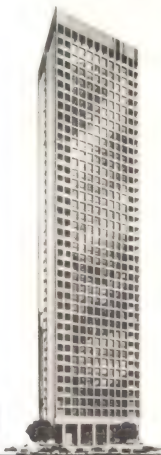
If you feel your child can do much better, call Educational Resources. Their program is open to any Chicago area student up through the college level. In a personal interview, any one of their staff will be glad to discuss the entire program with you. Call 973-2115, or write: Educational Resources, Inc., 2320 West Peterson Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60645.

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est an author to lie about a bright, brotherly tomorrow just over the horizon, but in thunder and in laughter he tells the racial truth of today.

THE MISER. Robert Symonds gives his best performance yet with the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater as the mock hero of Molière's comedy. Skittering about like a bespectacled magpie, his Harpagon is a sprite of the cashbox, a stringy-haired wretch of usury. To see him is a pleasure. To see him undone is a delight.

ADAPTATION—NEXT. Two one-acters, both directed with a crisp and zany comic flair by Elaine May. Miss May's own play, *Adaptation*, is the game of life staged like a TV contest. Terrence McNally's *Next* features James Coco in a splendid performance as an average potential draftee.

DAMES AT SEA, with a talented cast of only six, is a delightful spoof of the movie musicals of the 1930s, with all their intricate dance routines and big, glittering production numbers.

CINEMA

PEOPLE MEET AND SWEET MUSIC FILLS THE HEART is an unlikely title for an even more unlikely film: a freewheeling satire on romantic melodramas and graphic sex movies. It comes as a pleasant relief in these *Curious (Yellow)* times.

THE ROUND UP and **THE RED AND THE WHITE** are handsomely pictorial films by Hungary's Miklós Jancsó. Both films share a similar theme—the bitterness of war—and demonstrate savage irony and a loathing for war and its perpetrators.

WINNING. Paul Newman portrays a racing driver competing for his honor and the heart of Joanne Woodward in a noisy, disjointed film, in which separate scenes mesh as badly as striped geys.

THE LOVES OF ISADORA is a biography of Dancer Isadora Duncan that has been severely truncated by the distributors. Still, as Isadora, Vanessa Redgrave conveys a radiant grace and *juke* that the rest of the cast sadly lack.

THE NIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING DAY. Masquerading as a routine kidnapping melodrama, this is actually an artful thriller directed and co-authored by Hubert Cornfield. Marlon Brando gives his best performance in nearly a decade.

MY SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN and **RING OF BRIGHT WATER** are two enlightening children's films that demonstrate an affection and care for their audience. *Mountain* is the story of a Canadian lad who runs off to the woods, and *Ring* is the real-life tale of a London accountant and his pet otter. Both are certain to charm children and gratify parents.

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS. Larry Peerce is a director with a lamentable sense of style and a laudable way with actors. Although his version of Philip Roth's 1959 novella of young love in suburbia sometimes lurches out of control, Richard Benjamin and stunning Newcomer Ali MacGrath save the show with finely shaded performances.

THE FIXER. Bernard Malamud's novel is the source for this resonant essay on individual courage and political morality. The actors—notably Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm—all seem perfect for their roles, and John Frankenheimer's direction is impeccable.

SALESMAN. The Mayles brothers, with camera and sound equipment in hand, spent six weeks tracking a group of New England Bible salesmen on their weary rounds. The result is a searing, melancholy



**Chris Bishop of Chestnut Hill, Mass.,
could go back and get her M.A. one of these days.**

Quick Quiz. How many Chris Bishops buy The Digest every month?

We won't hold you in suspense. Four out of every ten women who've graduated from college buy Reader's Digest every single month—far more than buy any other magazine. That's just about 2 million lady B.A.'s, B.S.'s, B.F.A.'s, etc., etc. They regularly turn to The Digest for fact and fun. For lively reading and for deep insights. Not surprising. Not when you consider the depth, the breadth, the infinite variety of The Digest itself. It's no wonder more affluent women, more better-educated women, more young women buy The Digest than any other magazine. Nearly 22 million adult women, all told. And, for good measure, over 19 million men.

P.S. Chris majored in paleontology and journalism at Boston University. Now she majors in horseback riding, dog raising (2 Labrador retrievers and an American Eskimo), piano playing, and hotel management. Her favorite text? R.D. of course.

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Charles Tanqueray did not invent gin.

He just made it uncommonly good.

(And therein lies this uncommon tale.)

To understand how and why Tanqueray Gin happened, one must first understand Charles Tanqueray.

In his early adult years, Charles Tanqueray acquired a curiosity about gin, a drink so typically English that it appealed to all classes of the populace. Charles Tanqueray realized that a great portion of the gin produced in the London of those days was not very appealing to the more discriminating palates of the gentry. For some gins in those early years were produced from ordinary water, dubious basic spirits insufficiently rectified, and often rather wantonly flavored. Charles Tanqueray felt that something should be done about this.

So Charles Tanqueray took it upon himself to develop a gin with a genuinely enjoyable taste. He experimented with various and sundry choice ingredients. And he also tried several distilling techniques. Until, at last, Charles Tanqueray achieved his goal: an uncommonly dry gin with an uncommonly fine flavor.

The one thing he didn't experiment with was the water. Because, to start, Charles Tanqueray had the best.

Finsbury. A watering place of some distinction. The water Charles Tanqueray used was the freshest, purest obtainable. The source: the deep springs in Finsbury.

Finsbury had gained fame during the Crusades. When Crusaders returned to England, many hastened to Finsbury. For Finsbury water was reputed to be particularly delicious. Evidently, it was. England's first windmill was built at Finsbury. Purpose: to tap more of its water.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Charles Tanqueray selected Finsbury as the site for his first distillery. Nor is it surprising that, to this day, Tanqueray still uses Finsbury water.

Tanqueray's folly—the palatable gin. It's generally believed that monks, in the Finsbury area, made herbal potions consisting of alcohol mixed with roots and berry extracts. They discovered that the alcohol preserved the botanicals. And that the botanicals flavored the alcohol.

From these humble beginnings, English gin evolved. The English gin that Charles Tanqueray made uncommonly good.

But even though Charles Tanqueray's gin tasted better than other gins, it didn't fare much better. Because his gin, as noted, was designed to appeal to the more discerning tastes of the gentry who were, alas, few in number.

And yet, for generations, the Tanqueray family continued to produce their uncommon gin. Their output most certainly wasn't prodigious. Their dedication to an ideal was.

Recognition after decades of virtual anonymity. The Tanquerays persisted. They continued to produce their uncommon gin in virtual obscurity, the fruit of their labor known to but a few gin aficionados.

But then, in the early 1950's, Tanqueray Gin was introduced to the United States.

The result: more continued obscurity. Except that now Tanqueray Gin was enjoyed by a few gin aficionados in America, as well as those in England.

Another decade went by. Then, Tanqueray Gin was finally discovered.

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gin, we would have put
it in an ordinary gin bottle.*

Charles Tanqueray

and not wholly unsympathetic portrait of what the Maysles call "one part of the American dream."

STOLEN KISSES. Another chapter in the cinematic autobiography of François Truffaut, this perfect little film chronicles the adventures of the hero of *The 400 Blows* during the last months of his adolescence.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE LONDON NOVELS OF COLIN MACINNIS (*CITY OF SPADES, ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS, MR. LOVE AND JUSTICE*): Icy observations and poetic perceptions of the back alleys and subcultures in that pungent city on the Thames.

PICTURES OF FIDELMAN, by Bernard Malamud. Yet another *schlemiel*, but this one is canonized by Malamud's compassionate talent.

THE GUNFIGHTER, by Joseph G. Rossi. A balanced, wide-screen view of the often unbalanced men who infested the Wild West.

THE IMPERFECT SOCIETY, by Milovan Djilas. The author, who has spent years in Yugoslav prisons for deriding the regime, now argues that Communism is disintegrating there and elsewhere as a new class of specialists presses for a more flexible society.

BULLET PARK, by John Cheever. In his usual setting of uncomfortably comfortable suburbia, Cheever stages the struggle of two men—one mild and monogamous, the other tormented and libertine—over the fate of a boy.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE, by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. Through flashbacks to the catastrophic Allied fire-bombing of Dresden in World War II, this agonizing, outrageous, funny and profoundly rueful fable tries to say something about human cruelty and self-protective indifference.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, A LIFE STORY, by Carlos Baker. The long-awaited official biography offers the first cohesive account of a gifted, troubled, flumboyant figure who has too often been recollected in fragmentary and partisan memoirs.

THE MILITARY PHILOSOPHERS, by Anthony Powell. The ninth volume in his serial novel, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, expertly conveys Powell's innumerable characters through the futility, boredom and heroism of World War II.

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1 Portnoy's Complaint, Roth (1 last week)
- 2 The Godfather, Puzo (2)
- 3 Slaughterhouse-Five, Vonnegut (3)
- 4 Ado, Nabokov (6)
- 5 The Love Machine, Susann (9)
- 6 The Salzburg Connection, MacInnes (4)
- 7 Sunday the Rabbi Stayed Home, Kesselman (8)
- 8 Except for Me and Thee, West (10)
- 9 Airport, Hayley (7)
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LETTERS

The Fortas Affair

Sir: While many Americans are feeling rage, frustration and indignation at the Fortas affair [May 23], I believe many of us feel a more hurting emotion—that of disappointment. We don't all agree with the Supreme Court's decisions and rulings, however, most of us accept and abide by them because we believe that these men on this high court are "the epitome of honor among men."

Now we find that the cream of the crop is really only curdled milk.

MRS. W. L. POPE

Roswell, N. Mex.

Sir: I was strongly in favor of having Mr. Fortas confirmed as Chief Justice last year. In the light of recent events, I hoped even more ardently that he would step down.

I say a plague on all three houses—the legislative, the executive and the judicial! Until all three adopt a rigid code of ethics and stick to it, this kind of outcry is cant and hypocrisy.

I dare say that if the same standards that drove Mr. Fortas from the court were applied to the Congress and to the executive branch of Government, many heads would roll.

HARRY W. SCHACTER

Manhattan

Sir: Alas, another slightly tarnished, slightly tattered liberal bites the dust. Abe Fortas, like the Smothers brothers, was a victim of the Establishment. Free and constructive speech, once valued as a privileged medium of criticism, is fast becoming a farcical political device of the haves. With the possibility of four liberal seats being vacated soon, the conservatives are chuckling. God help us if another Taft Era is the result.

ROD WILLIAMS

Brockport, N.Y.

Damaging Display?

Sir: If the average, middle-class wage earner of America was as disgusted as I was after reading the account of "Hunger" [May 16], then I would imagine that it was one of the most self-damaging displays yet staged by those on welfare rolls.

With reference to the "filth-encrusted" gymnasium, what is preventing the underprivileged from cleaning up the place? And as for the food stamps, being "more trouble than they're worth," most of us have to exert ourselves to some extent to get food for our tables—some of us even

have jobs. The biggest mistake the Government could make would be to discontinue the stamps and disburse cash. Haven't we learned by this time that the majority of these people don't have the background or the desire to spend their money for necessities first and luxuries second?

I have no complaint about the legitimate welfare cases, but none of those persons pictured with that article looked underfed, aged or handicapped. If ever a photo proved you can't buy respect with giveaway programs, that was it.

R. M. MORLEY

Lyman, Neb.

Like Alice's Party

Sir: I would like to commend you on your very careful, well-developed and painfully true discussion of the massive problems that Egypt faces in trying to enter into the modern industrial world that Israel has revealed in since its inception [May 16].

However, I feel that your position regarding the ability of Nasser to compromise and reach out for a settlement while Israel, seeking an illusory military security, refuses figuratively and literally to give ground, is like Alice's at the Mad Hatter's tea party. Logic simply has no place in the aura of the Middle East.

KARIM BARKAWI
Chairman

American Arab Institute
Newport Beach, Calif.

Sir: I am a Palestinian, and this phrase shocked me: "The Palestinian children were being taught as their primary subject hatred for Israel." It's not true. I am 20 years old now, and from the time my father left Tiberias in 1948 until the 1967 war, we never spoke of Israel in our house. If I am thinking of joining the fedayeen now, it's not because I hate Israel, but because I love my country.

Perhaps now we are a bitter people, but only because we feel that the world was, and is still, unjust toward us and that the "four bigs" took part in chasing us from our country. Neither Nasser nor Dayan nor the four bigs, who after killing the victim are trying now to revive him, can give peace to the region. Peace comes with justice, and justice means our return home.

We are not fighting against Israel; we are fighting for a Palestine as it existed once and as it will once again.

GEORGES MOURAD

Nantes, France

Shearing the Sheep

Sir: I have felt for some time that the real issue being argued between the mature younger generation and the immature older generation is simply life vs. death. Nowhere has this sad conclusion been more vividly and clearly illustrated than in the recent clash at Berkeley over the "People's Park" [May 23].

I am sick with disgust at the behavior of the so-called authorities, who far too often react to every moral question raised by the young with incredible stupidity and obscene cruelty. This grandmother is full of contempt for the lazy, sloppy sheep of her generation who prefer to maim or kill a child rather than question their own joyless values.

(MRS.) MARJORIE G. REID

Lima, Ohio

Ultimate Breakthrough

Sir: I agree with my party leader, Hubert Humphrey, that Howard Lee's victory over me in being elected mayor of the town of Chapel Hill is "a new breakthrough in Southern politics" [May 16]. For all of my adult life I have worked for the elimination of racial discrimination in this community, and I welcome the climate that has made it possible for a Negro to be elected to this town's highest office.

But as the guy who got "broken through" in this "breakthrough," I look forward to the day when a candidate's color will have no bearing whatsoever on his electability to office. That will be the real breakthrough.

ROLAND GIDUZ

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Gail Stones

Sir: A very obvious attack on religion in this country took place May 4, 1969 when a man had the unmitigated gall to walk into a church and demand 60% of its annual income for "reparation" for slavery [May 16]. I question the true motives of people like Forman. I don't believe they are after reparation; I believe they are after something bigger, whether it be an attempt to establish black supremacy, or part of a plan even more nefarious. Slavery died over 100 years ago, and today's Negro is no more a slave than is today's white man a slavemaster.

The church members shouldn't have left; Forman should have—by the naup of his neck and the seat of his pants.

WILLIAM M. TILLEY

Stockton, Calif.

Sir: First colleges, now churches; the militants obviously have a shrewd sense of where to find the weakest victims. What next? Beauty parlors? Old folks' homes? You will notice they never try to disrupt pro football games.

ERIC JULBER

Los Angeles

Sir: If the Negro is seeking "reparations" for being exploited, perhaps he should turn to the descendants of the African chieftains who so freely sold their own tribesmen to the American slave traders.

DAVID B. PERRY

Cincinnati

Falsetto Voices

Sir: Your coverage of campus disturbances has been most meticulous. However, you, in common with other magazines and other media, persist in describing cam-

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Mr. R. E. Benson
Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.



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puses as intellectual communities. Do you truly believe that a concourse of post-adolescents constitutes an intellectual community? Granted, we must listen to the cacophonous yelping from the occupied college library, but we must listen because the unruly young are the voice of the times, not because they are the voice of the intellectuals. In this country, we have hazy notions about what makes an intellectual: currently the term seems to mean someone who read quite a bit of *Beowulf* in Freshman English.

If reporters honestly wanted to know what intellectual communities think about Viet Nam, race relations and other maddening matters, they'd do better to interview museum curators, NASA officials, or the ladies of the local conservationists' league. Heaven only knows what constitutes a genuine, worth-listening-to intellectual, but heaven does know that it takes more than one semester on the dean's list and one ride in a paddy wagon.

(MRS.) CAROL SANDERS
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Saints Alive

Sir: Pope Paul's pathological housecleaning ("The Saints Go Marching Out," May 16) in the name of "modernity" marks a curious tactical reversal. For almost two millennia the church passed off its myth as historical truth. When this stance was undermined by modern cosmography and anthropology, the church began promoting instead increasingly reason-divorced mythology, e.g., the immaculate conception and bodily assumption of St. Mary. At least the implication was "Here is myth

for myth's sake, it's good for your souls," a kind of return to Tertullian's "*Credo quia absurdum*." Now suddenly there is a new obsession with narrow historicity, and the Pope seems ready to jettison whatever and whoever did not "actually happen." It looks like a watershed: either much more will have to be dumped, or a return to a crude fundamentalism is in the works. Either way the Catholic Church is once more banking on Western man's visceral reluctance to stomach ahistorical myth.

JAAN PUHVEL
Professor of Indo-European Studies
University of California
Los Angeles

Sir: Fie on you! St. Patrick is alive and well in the breasts of all his faithful. Beware! What he did to the snakes, he can do to you too.

PATRICIA LEE COHILL
Akron

Sir: It seems strange that the church should make the feasts of the patrons of Uganda and Japan mandatory while making optional the feast of the Irish patron, St. Patrick.

This insult, however, shall not go unavenged. I have information to the effect that within the month, the IRA will launch a fleet to the mouth of the Tiber in order to force Vatican City to reconsider the issue.

It was bad enough when my brother Christopher, my sister Barbara, and my cousin Philomena were deprived of their patrons, but now they've gone too far.

PATRICK L. QUINN
New Haven, Conn.

Freedom Now

Sir: Thank you for the marvelous article on today's exciting fashions ["The Way of All Flesh," May 16]. The selections photographed were wonderful. The hang-ups are gone, along with all the rigid seams and the hard, manly construction.

Today's clothing screams femininity. I must say it's about time. The conventional woman is anything but a woman.

ELIZABETH ELLISSOR
Rochester

Sir: Mr. Brody's disdain for overendowed women dressmakers puzzles me. As one who "bounces along" quite comfortably, I have yet to meet the man who finds my "flippity-flop" unappetizing.

CAROL KRUGMAN
Towson, Md.

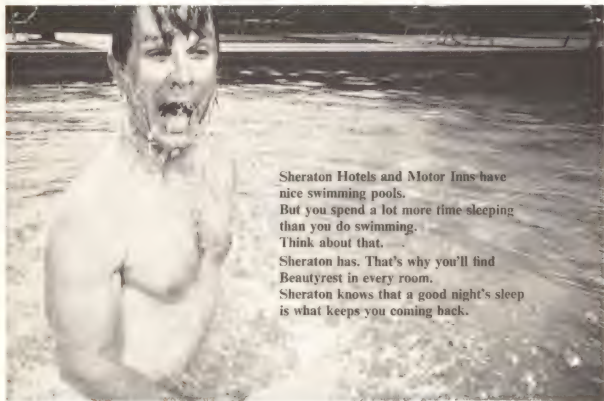
Sir: Being a lover of the antiquities, particularly when set off by beautiful young damsels, I was fascinated by the color pictures showing *lex* girls demonstrating the benefits of see-through and topsy fashions against classical columns of ancient Crete and Rhodes.

While my Middle Minoan III is a little hazy, I am pretty sure that the inscriptions appearing on one of the walls translate as follows:

*There was a young princess from Crete
Whose gown stretched right down to
her feet.*

*But her bosom was bare,
Which the vovels thought fair,
But the King thought a bit indiv-Crete.*

BILL WILKES
Riverside, Calif.



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About 18 months ago, a lot of life insurance companies decided they should give the inner cities the kind of help they were good at. Investment loan help. To make jobs and homes. Because the life insurance business traditionally invests in housing and enterprise. The companies that pledged this money, big companies and not so big, make up the lion's share of our business. And among them they pledged a billion dollars.

Now, this wasn't a normal business investment.

It went to an area—the inner cities—where capital was not readily available on reasonable terms, because of risk and location. Our business felt this special commitment was essential.

After all, our business is totally bound up with the health and safety of people. And people live in the cities. You could say people are the cities.

If those cities crumble, people are going to crumble, and business—ours, yours, anyone's—is apt to crumble right along with them.

So we went after the problem at its core.

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Just as other businesses, which we found contributing their special aptitudes.

At the outset of the pledged billion, a good many hard-headed people said this venture couldn't be done.

But with the co-operation of others, it is being done. In fact, it's very nearly completed. And now?

A second billion has been pledged.

A second billion dollars with the same aims as the first.

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We feel that in doing this, we are merely minding our own business. Being ourselves.

If you agree that the cities are your business as well, the life insurance business would like to offer you a booklet called "The cities: your challenge, too."

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

THE long corridors of Washington's old Patent Office Building are ornate reminders of 19th century architecture. But now that the Patent Office has moved, the building reaches even farther into the past. It is the new National Portrait Gallery, and its art affords the visitor an intimate introduction to the giants of American history.

Last week that historical record was brought up to date with the opening of a show devoted to a collection of 86 original TIME covers, all of them portraits of U.S. newsmakers. They are not only portraits of outstanding Americans, said Charles Nagel, director of the gallery, but they are also "the work of notable artists of our time." Washington officials, lawmakers and diplomats turned out to admire the portraits and toast the artists—many of whom were present along with their subjects. Jazz Pianist Thelonious Monk was on hand to renew his friendship with Artist Boris Chaliapin. His portrait, Monk admitted, pleased him "more now than when I first saw it." HUD Secretary George Romney joined Senators Javits and Fulbright along with CA Director

Richard Helms, former Defense Secretary **Clark Clifford**, the city's mayor, **Walter Washington**, and a roster of other notable guests.

For Artist Peter Hurd, the evening was particularly significant. Not only was he represented in TIME's show with a portrait of Charles C. Tillinghast Jr. as president of TWA, but down the hall from the TIME exhibit another of his paintings had just been hung—a portrait of Lyndon Johnson, the one L.B.J. banished after labeling it the ugliest portrait he had ever seen.

There were no such complaints at last week's party. Indeed, for the past five years a traveling collection of TIME covers has drawn uniformly admiring crowds while touring North America. Individually and as a group, the cover portraits are a reminder, as Managing Editor Henry Grunwald pointed out in his introduction to the latest exhibition catalogue, that portrait painters "can see and show more than the camera. The portrait still has a great place in journalism and history."

The Cover: Oil on gesso by Birney Lettich.

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 103–110



EHLBRIGHT & ARTIST ROBERT VICKREY

ARTIST CHALIAPIN & MONK

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THE NATION

TV VIEW OF LUNAR SURFACE TRANSMITTED FROM APOLLO 10 IN ORBIT AT ALTITUDE OF 69 MILES

NINE MILES FROM THE GOAL

MAN has peered into the nucleus of a cell and unlocked its secrets, probed deep within his own psyche to dissect its motives, even learned to uproot a heart and replant it in the body of another. He has done much with his own world, good and bad, but he has not learned to conquer it—or himself. Yet it is in his nature, even while he struggles with the challenges of new frontiers, to keep on creating ever newer ones. Last week the latest frontier in man's long journey through history moved more than 250,000 miles from the earth into the blackness of space. There, in the most ambitious and dangerous space flight yet undertaken, U.S. astronauts came within nine miles of the surface of the moon, nearer than any man has ever been to another celestial body.

Held in Thrall. The flight of Apollo 10 was an elaborate preparation for a manned landing on the moon, now scheduled for July 20, but it was also vastly more than that. This close approach to a planet's familiar satellite was, in a more remote sense, a step toward the planets themselves. Through the first color telecast from space and massive coverage by TV, radio and the press, a worldwide audience vicariously shared the astronauts' excitement and exuberance, the tension and terror, the close-up views of the stark and rugged moonscape. Yet there was a lighthearted air to the whole adventure, complete with jokes, corn pone and two space-ships named *Charlie Brown* and *Snoopy*, after the blithe-spirited characters of Charles Schulz's comic strip.

After another perfect launch and a three-day journey to the vicinity of the

moon, Astronauts Eugene Cernan and Tom Stafford climbed into *Snoopy*, left Astronaut John Young in *Charlie Brown*, and streaked off across the lunar sky in their spiderlike module. As they approached the moon's surface at a speed of 3,700 m.p.h., Cernan cried: "We're right there! We're right over it! I'm telling you, we are low, we're close, babe. This is it!" At one point, the astronauts swooped to within 47,000 ft. of the moon's surface—not much higher than the altitude at which commercial jets fly over the earth. "We're getting so close," said Stafford, "all you have to do is put your tail wheel down and we're there." As the spacecraft headed back toward earth at week's end, Flight Director Milton Windler summed up the immediate import of the flight, which was designed to test out *Snoopy's* performance before an actual moon landing: "It's all downhill from here. I see nothing to constrain the launch of Apollo 11."

If the flight held most of the world in thrall, it was at least partly because of the infectious enthusiasm of the crew, who are all veterans of earlier space flights but nonetheless "oohed" and "ahed" at each new sight with the wonder of rookies. From the first moments of the flight, when Cernan cried, "What a ride! What a ride!," the astronauts bubbled with excitement. They repeatedly used the word fantastic. They talked so much that one capsule commentator in Houston complained half-seriously: "I couldn't get a word in edgewise." They joked with ground controllers and serenaded them with such pretaped tunes as *Up, Up and Away* and *Fly Me to the Moon*.

Shortly after leaving earth orbit, the astronauts separated their command and service module (*Charlie Brown*) from the third stage S-4B rocket. Hurtling through the inky void, they pivoted their craft around and moved back to dock with *Snoopy*, still nestled in the rocket's nose. As the gap between the two craft narrowed, the newly developed 12-lb color television camera focused on *Snoopy* during a live transmission 4,120 miles from earth. "This has got to be the greatest sight ever," said a capsule communicator in Houston. Turning toward the receding earth, the TV camera captured a breathtaking view of a blue, white and brown globe, trailing wispy clouds and suspended in a black sky.

Hint of Trouble. Some of the minor annoyances of earlier flights were missing aboard Apollo 10. None of the crew caught cold, probably because of a less tiring pre-flight schedule. None suffered nausea caused by weightlessness, possibly because of in-flight head-movement exercises prescribed by the astronauts' physician, Dr. Charles Berry. For the first time since John Young smuggled a corned-beef sandwich aboard the Gemini 3 flight in 1965 and littered the spacecraft interior with crumbs, the astronauts were allowed a supply of bread. To withstand the pure-oxygen atmosphere, which quickly dries bread and makes it crumbly, the slices of white and rye bread had been flushed with nitrogen, a process that keeps them fresh for two weeks.

Early in the flight, however, a few minor problems developed. Expecting to take his first drink of water, Stafford instead got a mouthful of highly

APOLLO 10: Rehearsal for Lunar Landing

INTO LUNAR ORBIT

(4:45 p.m. EDT, Wed. May 21)

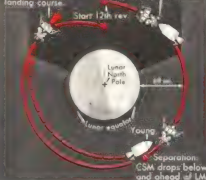
1st revolution: Apollo 10 slowed down into an elliptical orbit. 3rd revolution: Circularizes orbit.



UNDOCKING & DESCENT

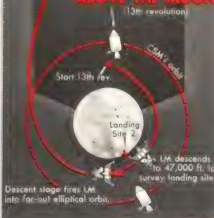
(12th revolution)

Descent stage is fired to brake LM onto a landing course. After Stafford & Cernan have transferred to LM.



47,000 FEET ABOVE THE MOON

(13th revolution)



colorinated water; because of erroneous instructions from the ground, the crew had failed to open a valve to the water tank, leaving only the evil-tasting liquid in the drinking tube. As on previous Apollo missions, there were troublesome Apollo hubbles in the drinking water, which is produced by the fuel cells in the same oxygen-hydrogen reaction that supplies the spacecraft's electricity. The astronauts were forced to take Lomotil, a medicine for taking the butterflies out of unsettled stomachs.

The first hint of more serious trouble occurred after Apollo 10 had slipped into its nearly circular 69-mile orbit around the moon. Crawling through the tunnel connecting *Charlie Brown* to *Snoopy*, Stafford discovered that the padding on *Charlie Brown's* hatch had been ripped during the pressurization of the lunar module early in the flight, allowing snowlike fiber-glass insulation to escape and drift around the tunnel interior. During Apollo's eleventh revolution, as Stafford and Cernan prepared to undock *Snoopy* for its descent toward the moon, the astronauts found that they could not depressurize the connecting tunnel. The drifting fiber glass had clogged a 1-in. tunnel vent. If something was not done, ground controllers feared, the unvented pressure might impart too much velocity to *Snoopy* as it undocked.

Angle of Twist. To solve this problem, Stafford and Cernan reopened *Snoopy's* sealed hatch. Much of the oxygen in the tunnel promptly flowed into the lunar module, where the pressure was less. The excess oxygen was then released into space through a vent in *Snoopy*.

No sooner was one problem solved than another cropped up. Ground controllers discovered that *Snoopy* had twisted about 3° at its junction with

Charlie Brown, placing a strain on the docking mechanism. Just before Apollo disappeared behind the moon—where undocking was scheduled to occur—the controllers ordered the astronauts not to undock if the angle of twist reached 6° or more. Houston—and the rest of the world—could only wait to find out what had happened.

Forty-five minutes later, as Apollo reappeared from behind the moon, Stafford radioed the good news: *Charlie Brown* and *Snoopy* had parted company. With a brief burn of his thrusters, Astronaut Young moved *Charlie Brown* about 2,500 ft. away from *Snoopy* and made a final check of instruments. Alone in the command and service module, he plaintively called to Stafford and Cernan: "Keep up the good work, boys. You will never know how big this thing gets when there ain't nobody in it but one guy."

Accurate Burn. Stafford and Cernan had more reason to be concerned. To return safely to earth, they would eventually have to redock with *Charlie Brown*. Without a heat shield, *Snoopy* itself could not survive the fiery re-entry into the earth's atmosphere. Hidden behind the moon during the first of *Snoopy's* four orbits, Stafford and Cernan fired their craft's descent engine for 27 seconds to cut their speed and begin dropping toward the lunar surface. Only three extra seconds of thrust would have placed *Snoopy* on a collision course with the moon. But the burn was accurate, and the little craft entered an orbit with a pericynthion (closest approach to the moon; the word comes from Cynthia, one of the names of the Greek goddess of the moon) of 8.9 miles. Again, ground controllers did not know the results of the crucial maneuver until *Snoopy* came around the eastern edge of the moon. "We is go-

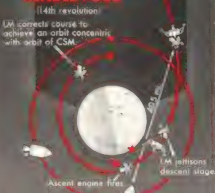
ing," cried Stafford exultantly to Capsule Commentator Charlie Duke. "We is down among them, Charlie!"

Snoopy's descent radar, which will be essential for the landing of Apollo 11's lunar module, was designed to sense the lunar surface from a height of 50,000 ft.; that is as low as the command module can descend to rescue an LM in the event of trouble. The radar surpassed expectations. At an altitude of 65,000 ft., it sensed the surface and began collecting data on rate of descent and altitude. As *Snoopy* approached closer to the Sea of Tranquility to scout the prime Apollo 11 landing sites, Stafford and Cernan could not contain their excitement: "Oh Charlie, we just saw an earthrise, and it's just got to be magnificent. There are enough boulders around here to fill up Galveston Bay. It's a fantastic sight. O.K., we are coming up over the site."

STAFFORD & YOUNG



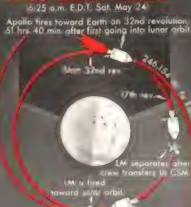
TAKEOFF TOWARD RENDEZVOUS



RENDEZVOUS & DOCKING



ONTO EARTH COURSE



There are plenty of holes there. The surface is actually very smooth, like a very wet clay—with the exception of the bigger craters.

A Note of Terror. Just beyond the Sea of Tranquility, *Snoopy's* descent engine again fired, this time for 42 seconds. Speeding up, the little craft entered a looping orbit that swung it 219 miles away from the moon at apocynthion (see chart) and then back into a position in which it could simulate an ascent from the surface of the moon. As *Snoopy* descended again toward the landing sites, where Apollo 11 astronauts may touch down, Stafford and Cernan prepared to jettison the descent stage. Their voices were calm and confident. Suddenly came a note of terror.

"Son of a bitch" shouted Cernan, "Something is wrong with the gyro." As explosive bolts blew off and the descent stage went into permanent orbit

around the moon, *Snoopy* began to gyrate violently, pitching up and down. Cernan's heart rate, normally 60 beats per minute, soared to 129. Wrestling with the hand controls, Stafford got the craft stabilized after about a minute. "I don't know what the hell that was, baby," a shaken Cernan told ground control, "but that was something. I thought we were wobbling all over the skies." What caused the unexpected and totally terrifying gyrations, ground controllers later concluded, was a control switch left in the wrong position; technicians had simply failed to include instructions to throw the switch in the detailed check list prepared for the astronauts in the LM.

A Hug in Space. As *Snoopy* zoomed within 71,744 ft. of the lunar surface on the astronauts' second pass, Cernan marveled: "I'll tell you, we're down here where we can touch the top of some of the hills." Just after reaching the low point of their new orbit, Stafford and Cernan fired their ascent engine and began the maneuvers that would enable them to rendezvous and dock with *Charlie Brown*, still orbiting above them at an altitude of 69 miles. From that point on, their flight plan was identical to the one that Apollo 11's lunar module would follow after blasting off from the lunar surface.

As the two craft sailed out from behind the moon, Stafford radioed to Young: "Okay, you ready to dock?" Minutes later, twelve latches audibly snapped shut around the tunnel in a swift and surgically precise operation. Cried Stafford: "*Snoopy* and *Charlie Brown* are hugging each other! We are back home—almost," said Stafford. "That rendezvous was the best one we ever had."

Two hours later, after Stafford and Cernan had crawled back into the com-

mand module and sealed the hatch, *Snoopy* was jettisoned and sent off into orbit around the sun when ground controllers fired its rocket until its remaining fuel was exhausted. "God, I feel sort of bad about that because he's a pretty nice guy," said Cernan with a trace of sentiment. "He treated us pretty well today." *Snoopy* certainly had. In its first test in the vicinity of the moon, the Grumman-built lunar module had performed with perfection for eight hours and ten minutes.

As *Charlie Brown* again passed behind the moon on its 31st and final complete revolution, after more than 61 hours in lunar orbit, its reliable service system propulsion engine (TIME, Jan. 3) was fired once more to increase its speed. Swinging wide around the eastern limb of the moon, the spacecraft wrested itself from the embrace of lunar gravity and soared back toward earth, then a chilling 246,154 miles distant. As the moon receded, Stafford noted, with a touch of awe in his voice, that it was set "against the blackest black you ever saw."

Tantalizingly Close. While astronauts Stafford, Cernan and Young made preparations for their splashdown off Pago Pago in the Pacific, workmen and technicians at Cape Kennedy were busy readying an even more momentous journey into that stark void. While Apollo 10 was still en route to the moon, the Apollo 11 space vehicle was moved out of Cape Kennedy's cavernous assembly building and transported 31 miles by means of a lumbering, 4-m.p.h. "crawler" to launch pad 39A. There, towering 363 ft. above the marshy Florida terrain, the spacecraft stands poised, ready to send two men to the surface of the moon in mid-July—and thereby to do what Apollo 10 came so tantalizingly close to doing last week.

(UPSIDE DOWN) IN FLIGHT



A PROFESSIONAL FOR THE HIGH COURT

IN protocol, the Chief Justice of the United States stands behind the President, the Vice President and the Speaker of the House. But in his impact on the national life, he has the potential of surpassing even the Chief Executive. His tenure is measured in decades rather than years. His authority can influence the most important acts of the executive and legislative branches, as well as the fate of the individual citizen. Yet when President Nixon walked into the East Room of the White House last week to announce what he called the most important appointment of his Administration, reporters glanced at the very distinguished-looking man beside him and whispered to each other: "Who is he?"

Their confusion was understandable. Warren Earl Burger, Nixon's choice to replace Chief Justice Earl Warren, is in many ways a judge's judge—and an almost total unknown outside the legal community. In 13 years on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, he has been intelligent but not brilliant, thorough but not imaginative, moderate but not innovative.

Strikingly similar to the President in temperament and background, Burger agrees firmly with Nixon that the Supreme Court has gone too far in areas such as protecting the rights of criminal defendants. Above all, he is the kind of man that Nixon feels the court needs in the wake of the Fortas scandal. Generally centrist in politics and cautious in law, Burger, a Republican, is neither dogmatic on the bench nor strongly oriented ideologically. He is in every way a professional jurist and a man of unquestioned probity, with the Midwestern virtues that Nixon so much admires. If, as expected, Nixon appoints

a man of similar convictions to replace Abe Fortas, the court will have a non-activist or moderate majority for the first time since the mid-1950s, giving Burger and his colleagues an opportunity to amend some of the court's most controversial decisions if they so choose.

The court that had seemed safely in the hands of activists—or judicial liberals—now seems destined for a somewhat less ambitious role that may last far longer than the Nixon administration. Though there is unlikely to be a sudden shift in direction, the differences could in time be profound. "We are under a Constitution," Charles Evans Hughes remarked before he himself became Chief Justice, "but the Constitution is what the judges say it is."

No. 1, No. 2, No. 3

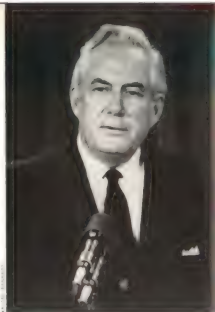
Unlike the ill-fated Fortas, who immediately ran into trouble when President Johnson nominated him for the spot last year, Burger should have no difficulty winning Senate confirmation. He is not subject to the charge of conservatism, and Nixon is at the beginning rather than the end of his presidency. While Burger has known Nixon for 21 years, he has seen the President only three times in the past 13 years—the third time only three minutes before they walked into the East Room last week. While he is generally of the conservative school, he is moderate enough, particularly on racial issues, not to offend most liberals too greatly. Finally, as Nixon pointedly noted—his mind obviously on the financial dealings that forced Fortas to resign a fortnight ago—Burger has shown "unquestioned integrity throughout his private and public life."

Everett Dirksen, the Senate minority leader, ticked off some of the ingredients of prompt confirmation: "No. 1, he looks like a Chief Justice. No. 2, he acts like a Chief Justice. No. 3, he talks like a Chief Justice." Other Senate conservatives, particularly Southerners who lost no opportunity to attack the Warren Court, were extremely pleased and gratified at the prospect of a Burger Court. "I think it affords us the guarantee," said North Carolina's Sam Ervin, "that we will have a return to constitutional government in the United States as far as the Supreme Court is concerned."

Mixed Reception

Most Senate liberals offered either mild praise or silence for the man who a generation ago called himself a Harold Stassen progressive. Disagreement with the judge's views, acknowledged Edward Kennedy, would not be reason enough to withhold confirmation. Barring the unexpected, Warren Burger will be the 15th Chief Justice when the new term begins on the first Monday of October.

Away from the Capitol, reaction to



WARREN BURGER

Source in the judiciary.

Burger's appointment was less than unanimous. The University of Chicago's Philip Kurland, a conservative and a critic of the Warren Court who might have been expected to approve, was acerbic. "What you have here," he said, "is the opposite of the knee-jerk liberal—the knee-jerk conservative. In 13 years, he's been a hard-liner in criminal cases. That's the story of his life." On the bench itself, one liberal federal judge was extremely bitter. "He is basically a man who doesn't stand for anything except in the law-and-order area," he asserted. "It's just a shock to me that a person like him can gain the confidence of the President of the United States."

Not everyone was so temperate. Said Princeton Historian Arthur Link: "Burger is neither a rightist nor a leftist, an authoritarian nor a libertarian. He's a middle-of-the-roader." In the same vein, the University of Pennsylvania's Anthony Amsterdam, a noted civil libertarian who has fought many cases for the N.A.A.C.P. and the American Civil Liberties Union, thought that Burger was "the best appointment that could have been expected from the Nixon Administration. He is a fine judge and a first-rate legal craftsman. He is a law-and-order man, but he is an enlightened law-and-order man."

Many experts found reason for enthusiasm. "He's got all the qualifications," said J. Edward Lumbard, a judge on the U.S. Court of Appeals, 2d Circuit: "Moral courage, unquestioned integrity and a first-rate lawyer's knowledge and experience of the trial courts and the administration of criminal justice." Added F. William Andres, one of Boston's best-known lawyers: "The President went to the proper source for this appointment—to the judiciary itself and to a man who has been just a



EARL WARREN

In a race with Congress.

continued on page 18

TIME, MAY 30, 1969

The Burgher from Minnesota

LIKE Richard Nixon, Judge Warren Earl Burger has made his way to eminence from modest but upright beginnings. He voraciously read the Horatio Alger stories as a boy growing up in Minnesota. He also acted out the plots. While in high school he scrambled out of bed daily at 4 in the morning to deliver newspapers, and he both edited the school newspaper and served as student council president. After that he worked days in an insurance office while attending, at night, the University of Minnesota and then the St. Paul College of Law, from which he graduated *magna cum laude*. "We had enough to eat and enough to wear," says a younger brother, Paul. "But I suppose we'd be considered deprived today."

The Chief Justice-designate is a son of the sturdy, stolid Middle West, the fourth of seven children born to parents of Swiss-German descent, Charles and Katharine Burger. The father was a railway cargo inspector who turned occasionally to traveling as a salesman of coffee or candy or patent medicines; the Burger brood was raised largely by the mother, who died only last year at 94. Mrs. Burger insisted that all the children attend Methodist Sunday school. The family moved in and around St. Paul; for a time they had a 20-acre farm, raising tomatoes to supplement the meager family income. Burger and his brothers would splash in the pond of a hot summer's day, or pick ripe tomatoes and wolf them down after licking the skin so that the salt would stick.

While at John A. Johnson High School, Burger played the cornet and bugle, tried out for football, track, swimming, hockey and tennis. The busy youngster ran the student court as well. In that capacity he tried to bring charges against one teacher suspected of peeping into the girls' locker room. Burger's court was denied jurisdiction.

He spent his summers in a variety of ways. He did chores on a family farm down the Mississippi River in Red Wing, Minn. Another time he used his vacation to work as a lifeguard, track coach, truck driver and general factotum at a Y.M.C.A. camp in Wisconsin. Though he was not a top student, his all-round achievements won him a scholarship to Princeton, which he declined because it did not pay enough.

After two years of college and four of law school, Burger went to work in 1931 for the well-regarded law firm of Boyesen, Otis and Farley. It was the start of a long legal career. He then married Elvera Stromberg, whom he had met when they were both taking extension courses at Minnesota. They have two children: a son, Wade, now 32 and a real estate man in northern Virginia, and a daughter, Margaret, 22, a Montessori school student teacher.

Burger took an interest in local bond issues and mayoral elections, but did not get into politics until he helped to manage the successful gubernatorial campaign of another promising young local lawyer—Harold Stassen—in 1938. "They called us the Boy Scout brigade," Stassen recalls. Burger, kept out of World War II by spinal

trouble, which still requires him to wear a back brace, became the first president of the St. Paul Council on Human Relations. He brought in outside experts to improve police relations with the city's Negroes and Mexican-Americans after the police chief confided to him: "We treat niggers the same way we treat everyone else."

Burger was Stassen's floor manager at the 1948 Republican Convention in Philadelphia, and in 1952 Stassen named him Minnesota's representative to the convention's Credentials Committee. That committee was the scene of a crucial fight between the Eisenhower and Taft factions over seating rival delegations from Texas and Louisiana; Burger's defense of the Eisenhower position was not lost on Herbert Brownell. When Brownell became Attorney General in the Eisenhower Administration, he offered Burger a job as his assistant in charge of the Justice Department's civil division.



TAKING THE BATON IN RELAY (1926)

Burger took it, leaving a lucrative law practice and a handsome house on Summit Avenue, the best street in St. Paul. In the Justice Department he attracted notice by taking over the Government's side in a case that U.S. Solicitor General Simon Sobeloff refused to argue before the Supreme Court. The case: Yale Professor John P. Peters' dismissal, on loyalty grounds, as a consultant to the Public Health Service. Peters appealed, arguing that he had been prevented from confronting his accusers. Burger eventually lost by a 7-to-2 decision. He was more successful when he prosecuted Greek Shipowner Stavros Niarchos, among others, for illegally buying U.S. war surplus vessels; Burger seized more than 40 such ships, 15 of them belonging to Niarchos, and won the nickname "Admiral" from J. Edgar Hoover.

Burger had planned to remain in Washington only three years, then return to practice in St. Paul. His resignation was on President Eisenhower's desk in 1956 when a vacancy occurred on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia and Eisenhower asked him to take it. Burger hesitated. He had long before told friends: "I never have had a passion to be a judge." One important factor that weighed heavily in favor of Burger accepting the judgeship was his wife's health. She was a cardiac patient, and the Eastern climate had clearly been better for her than the harsh winters and hot summers of the Middle West. Finally, Burger decided to take the judgeship.

For 16 years the Burgers have led a quiet life in Washington, normally limiting their entertaining to small dinner parties at their 140-year-old farmhouse in nearby Arlington. He drives a five-year-old Volkswagen. His avocations are painting and sculpture. He has done bust-reliefs for some of his friends, and tried—without success—to put some life into the dismal school of official portraiture that fills the corridors of his courthouse. Judge Burger is also something of a gourmet. He sometimes runs his wife out of the kitchen in order to experiment with an elaborate recipe à la Julia Child, and he is a connoisseur of wines—particularly the better red Burgundies and the finer clarets. He is even a Chevalier du Tastevin, something undreamed of in the philosophy of Horatio Alger.

judge. This is terribly important to the country right now."

In large measure, Burger owed his nomination as much to Abe Fortas as to Richard Nixon, and the President said as much in an extraordinary 45-minute session with newsmen the day after the appointment. Speaking from notes he had written on his celebrated yellow legal pad, the President told not only why he had chosen Burger but why he had not chosen several others who had been prominently mentioned for the job. Other Presidents, including L.B.J., have held background sessions dealing with personalities or events. But never before has a President admitted the public so far into his thinking about an appointment. To some, it appeared to be a typical example of Nixonian psychology, a somewhat compulsive need to justify and explain himself. But the President's motives seemed straightforward enough. He wanted to use facts to stop press speculation that might prove embarrassing to his friends, and he wanted to contrast the candor of his Administration with the deviousness of his predecessor's. He succeeded in both goals, and he is expected now to repeat the briefing approach when fuller than usual background is again needed.

In Burger's favor, the President said, was his position on crime and the Constitution, his experience as a judge and his ability to lead. Going for him also was the fact that he was not close to the President, either personally or politically. As a result of the Fortas case, Nixon said, he had decided that the new Chief Justice—and any other justices named later—should be neither a close friend nor a political associate.

Dewey Too Old

Thus two men, at least, were out: Charles Rhine, former American Bar Association president, a Nixon classmate at Duke law school and a personal friend, and Attorney General John Mitchell, the 1968 campaign manager. A third, Herbert Brownell, Eisenhower's Attorney General—and Burger's boss for three years in the Justice Department in the early '50s—withdrawed of his own accord because he thought his former job would raise opposition in the Senate. A fourth, Potter Stewart, an Eisenhower appointee to the court, took himself out because he thought that elevation of an Associate Justice would create friction and jealousy on the bench. Thomas Dewey, twice the Republican candidate for President, said simply that at 67 he was too old. A Chief Justice, said Dewey, should have at least ten years on the job. Burger, 61, at least has that prospect.

Nixon insisted that the timing of the appointment had nothing to do with Fortas. He wanted his nominee to have ample opportunity to confer with Warren, but he did not want the Senate hearings to begin until the court had ended its current session. Some time in May was thus indicated for the announcement. Still, the effect of the nomination



CHARLES EVANS HUGHES (c. 1930)
Career calibrated in decades.

last week, intended or not, was to draw attention from the Fortas affair and focus interest on the court's future rather than its troubled present.

Tremors of the Fortas affair, of course, were still being felt as Burger stood in front of the TV cameras. As the result of questions about the court's integrity, Justice William O. Douglas, a court veteran of 30 years, resigned from the presidency of the Parvins Foundation from which he has received about \$12,000 annually for the past seven years. Though his relationship to Parvins was certainly less objectionable than Fortas' tie with the Wolfson Family Foundation—the contract was not for life, for one thing, and Douglas' duties were spelled out precisely—the connection was still questionable and invited the accusation of poor judgment at least. The foundation until recently had derived in-



FELIX FRANKFURTER (1962)
Confined to the case at hand.

come from Las Vegas gambling operations. Even after Douglas quit the organization, the American Bar Association said it would ask its ethics committee to consider whether Douglas had violated A.B.A. canons.

At the same time, Chief Justice Warren, as one of his last official acts, requested senior federal judges to begin drafting a code of ethics for the federal judiciary. The prospective rules would not only bar judges from outside employment, excepting only lecturing, writing and teaching on legal subjects, but would also require disclosure within the Judicial branch of all income. In a sense, Warren was racing Congress, where three bills on judicial ethics have already been submitted. It is uncertain, however, how far Congress could go in clamping down on a supposedly coequal branch of government. Many Congressmen believe that the matter would best be resolved by the judges.

Ironically, Burger might also be affected by the proposed rules. He receives about \$2,000 a year plus expenses for serving on the board of the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota (along with L.B.J., who was appointed in February). While this connection seems innocent enough, it too would probably be dissolved if Warren's proposed rules against outside activity went into effect.

Three-Legged Stool

Outside activity should be the very least of Burger's problems as Chief Justice. More important will be his ability to run the court and persuade his colleagues to accept his own traditional concept of the law, particularly in the controversial field of criminal justice. "A trial court," he likes to say to explain his point, "is like a three-legged stool: a judge, a prosecutor and a defense lawyer. Take anything away and the stool topples over." It is his feeling that the prosecutor has been so weakened by court decisions that the stool has in effect toppled over. As a result mainly of court decisions, he has stated, "We have today the most complicated system of criminal justice and the most difficult system to administer of any country in the world."

In a speech that particularly impressed Nixon, Burger said two years ago that "governments exist chiefly to foster the rights and interests of their citizens, to protect their homes and property, their persons and their lives. If a government fails in this basic duty, it is not redeemed by providing even the most perfect system for the protection of the rights of defendants in the criminal courts. It is a trism of political philosophy rooted in history that nations and societies often perish from an excess of their own basic principle."

To a great degree, he finds fault not with the spirit of the decisions but with the procedures they entail and the practical results they bring. Instead of deciding case by case, he says, the Supreme Court should have relied on a

tool given it by Congress 30 years ago. Before it got too far into the criminal-law revolution, it could have set up an advisory committee of lawyers, judges and legal scholars to draw up detailed rules of procedure for federal courts and law-enforcement agencies. That way, Burger believes, much of the confusion and conflict that exist today, the inevitable results of piecemeal, sometimes contradictory decisions, could have been eliminated. The basic decisions—those that guarantee a lawyer to every person charged with a serious offense and those that protect him against coerced confession—Burger regards as so fundamental as to be beyond dispute. His opposition, generally, has been to rulings that affect mere procedural questions, such as how police should conduct line-ups, exactly when a lawyer should be present and what constitutes a legal search and seizure. These go into matters that Burger does not consider basic constitutional rights.

Beyond Dispute

That confusion exists cannot be denied. It is far from certain, however, that the court could or should have gone the route Burger recommends. Not only is his method slow, with acceptable results only theoretical in such a controversial area, but any rules adopted would provide no more than an example, to be accepted or rejected by the states. It is in state and local jurisdictions that the most serious abuses of police power have always occurred, and the top federal court has moved so far into criminal justice largely because state courts have been so shockingly negligent. Burger's position also implies the approval of Congress, which so far has been less than eager to examine criminal procedure with anything like dispassion or proper concern for the Bill of Rights.

One part of Burger's philosophy of law and order is beyond dispute. The U.S. has failed miserably in reforming people who have been sentenced. Though the system will devote great sums of money to giving a defendant a trial, with many chances of appeal, it will spend relatively little where resources would do the most good: making prisons over into institutions of correction rather than punishment. "In part, the terrible price we pay in crime," he says, "is because we have tended, once the drama of the trial is over, to regard all criminals as human rubbish."

In another, increasingly disputed area of criminal law—the place of the psychiatrist—Burger again has strong and somewhat unorthodox views. He believes firmly in psychiatry itself, sadly contrasting the number of psychiatrists serving the American penal system (as few as one for each 5,000 inmates in some states) with those in Denmark (one to 100). But he does not feel that the psychiatrist has a role in trial procedure, where the main question, in Burger's view, is what occurred, not why. He was, for example, opposed to acceptance

by the District of Columbia of the famous Durham rule,* which greatly broadened the concept of criminal insanity. The winning lawyer on the other side: Abe Fortas.

Important as it now is, criminal justice is only one part, and not the largest at that, of the court's concerns. How will Burger view the others? If his statements and 13 years on a lower bench are indicative, he will fall into the school of the late Felix Frankfurter and John Marshall Harlan, Frankfurter's current disciple on the court. This tradition is not so much liberal or conservative in orthodox political terms—Frankfurter was considered an articulate advocate of civil liberties but was inclined against overruling other branches and levels of government un-

—one of his constant concerns. Speculating about a confrontation with a recalcitrant Congress, Burger later asked rhetorically: "What if we had ordered the House to seat Powell and the House had refused? Could we have sent the Army up Capitol Hill to enforce it?"

No matter how firmly established their positions are, few officials are less predictable than newly appointed Supreme Court Justices. Wrapped in the black robes of one of the world's most august bodies, their jobs guaranteed for life, they often surprise and frequently offend the Presidents who appointed them. "I could carve a judge with more backbone out of a banana," Teddy Roosevelt supposedly growled after his appointee, Oliver Wendell Holmes, refused to vote the President's way on a trust case. Dwight Eisenhower was similarly shocked at Earl Warren's liberalism.

Precedents May Remain

By elevating a judge from a federal court, where the issues are like those that will go to the Supreme Court, Nixon knows better than most Presidents where his man stands, and has a better than average chance of finding comfort in his course. Indeed, the President was candid enough to hope publicly that his new appointee would begin to change the court's direction.

In this, if not in the man himself, Nixon may be disappointed. While Burger and the other yet-to-be-named Justice, together with the existing centrist faction of John Harlan, Potter Stewart and Byron White, may in fact reverse some of the controversial criminal decisions, it is just as likely that they will allow what has been done to remain done. Since

the liberals in the past have been strongly criticized for violating the hallowed concept of *stare decisis*—let the precedent decide—the other side might feel uncomfortable in now jumping over precedents of the Warren era, new as some of the precedents may be. Thus Robert McKay, dean of the New York University Law School, thinks there may be "some trimming and tailoring" of the close decisions, but no radical backtracking.

Metaphysical Powers

Much depends on the man Nixon picks to replace Fortas—and on the man he has chosen to replace Earl Warren. If Burger is a strong Chief Justice, he may be able to move the court more than now looks likely; if he is weak or merely competent, whatever change comes about will probably be very gradual. First in prestige, first in rank, first in the public eye, the Chief Justice is still only one of nine when it



"FUNNY HOW THIS SEEMS TO TURN LIBERALS INTO CONSERVATIVES AND CONSERVATIVES INTO LIBERALS."

less there was a compelling reason. Burger has not expressed himself on many specific issues outside the field of criminal justice, but people familiar with his thinking expect him to be hard on disruptive campus dissent and to be unsympathetic to the court's new extensions of the one man, one vote doctrine, which carry the principle toward the city and county.

"We do well," Burger said in a decision last year, "to heed the admonition that judges confine themselves to the case at hand." That ruling knocked down Adam Clayton Powell's attempt to gain his seat in Congress by judicial decree. Though acknowledging his court's jurisdiction to act, Burger chose not to intervene. He was motivated by his respect for Congress' right to make its own rules and the practicality of the case

* "An accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the product of mental disease or defect."

comes to voting, and must depend on other, more subtle tools to make his presence any more powerful or persuasive than his colleagues'.

Set down on paper, his power appears scarcely more than metaphysical. He leads the judicial conferences, states the facts of the case under consideration, and, when he is in the majority, picks the man who will write the decision. On a closely fought issue, all three can be important. Some Chief Justices, like Warren, have been both forceful and tactful enough to use their tactical advantages to build up strong leadership. Others, like Fred Vinson, Warren's predecessor, have been all but overshadowed by more brilliant or more articulate Associate Justices.

With opinion so closely divided on ev-

mark several years ago with the one-man, one-vote decision. Since then, he says, it has moved more slowly and been less prone to embark on new courses. Leo Pfeffer, a political scientist at Long Island University, discerns the same deceleration—and the reasons. First, the court has gone about as far as it can in many areas. Second, it, like any other human institution, is reacting to "the temper of the times and to the escalation of criticism."

If nothing else, Burger's appointment should act to quiet the more strident critics. Southerners like James Eastland, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, will be less likely to claim, as he once did, that the court is "the greatest single threat to our Constitution." Even Eastland might find it hard to re-

At first glance Judge Burger would seem an inappropriate Chief Justice for the possibly turbulent decade of the '70s. He is neither a simple nor an obvious man, however, and may very well confound both critics and friends. Significantly, perhaps, the decision he is most proud of affirmed those very citizen rights that Westin noted. When the Federal Communications Commission turned down a complaint by a group of blacks against a Mississippi radio station that they charged was racist, Burger, speaking for his court, affirmed the citizens' rights to challenge the FCC's renewal of a license. His decision, says an admiring lawyer, brought the public into an area that was until then the exclusive preserve of Government and industry.

The First Challenge

In the end, all prejudices are suspect, in and out of court. In any event, the country has a way of educating its Justices—as well as its Presidents—and the Justices, in their turn, have a way of educating the country. A period of consolidation after a decade of hurried innovation may be, as Nixon believes, best for both court and country.

Still, it should not be forgotten how or why the period of intense activity came about. For the most part, it was caused by the default of other branches of Government, lower courts and societies in general. When neither the executive nor the legislative branch cared enough about the Negro to guarantee his basic rights as a citizen, not to mention as a human being, the Warren Court outlawed school segregation, setting in motion the civil rights advances of the '50s and '60s. When no other body of Government seemed concerned that city dwellers, were made second-class citizens by the grossest forms of malapportionment, the court said that one man was allowed one vote. When no one else took action against abuses of police power, the Justices launched their still controversial course of protecting the rights of those accused of crimes.

The court filled the vacuum, but at the same time it has paid the price of controversy. Its image as an Olympian arbiter above the political fray has usually been false. Still, its involvement in the most contentious issues of the last decade and its role of a *de facto* lawmaker were extraordinary—and raised questions about the court's function in American society that go far beyond the labels of liberal and conservative.

Now, in addition to fears about the court's widening power, the Fortas affair causes alarm about its integrity. There is no real evidence that the vast majority of the people have lost their awe and respect for the court, but there clearly has been some diminution of its prestige. That is hurtful, because public trust has been the court's main strength for 179 years. The 15th Chief Justice will now be challenged to reassert the court's moral authority.



BURGER & FAMILY WITH NIXON AT NOMINATION
Focus on the future rather than the troubled present.

everything else about him, it is not surprising that Burger is likened to both of the preceding Chief Justices. Like Warren, says former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, "he is quiet, modest and very warm. He meets people graciously and is interested and concerned with what they have to say. You can't be around him without thinking that here's a good, decent man." More decisive than title, power or personality, suggests Harvard Professor Ernest Brown, is the intellectual capability of a Justice. On that basis, guesses Brown, the liberal William Brennan might turn out to be the "key figure," and Warren's spiritual, if not titular successor.

New Issues

With all the talk of the Burger Court, one crucial fact is usually forgotten: even the Warren Court has been changing and becoming less activist. Brandeis Political Scientist George Kelly believes that that court reached its high-water

verse his judgment of last week, which called Burger "an outstanding jurist and a very fine man."

In time, the main reason for Nixon's choice—Burger's stand on law and order—may seem far less important than it does today. New issues and new problems almost certainly will arise, and may very well overshadow the controversies of today. The question before the court of the '70s may not be criminal rights but citizen rights. Columbia Political Scientist Alan Westin, for instance, sees an impending collision between the old system of government, which depends upon political parties and established bureaucracy, and the new demands for participation by the poor and the powerless. There will be constant requests, predicts Westin, for the court to referee. If it refuses, he says, there will be "a decade unsurpassed in violence." Beyond that, there will be, without question, a paramount need to provide a legal framework to curb an overweening technology, which even today threatens to destroy both man and his works.

* From left: Son Wade and wife, Daughter Margaret, Wife Elvera.

SEQUELS

A Plea for Mercy

In the best tradition of his brother Robert, Edward Kennedy last week was being seen and heard on diverse issues. He visited California to boost Cesar Chavez' striking agricultural workers. In Washington, the Senator condemned excessive spending on the space program and blamed military psychology and pride for causing unnecessary American casualties in Viet Nam engagements like Hamburger Hill. (See THE WORLD). Then, in a purely personal act, he pleaded for mercy in the sentencing of his brother's murderer.

During the trial of Sirhan Sirhan, Ted Kennedy was subject to pressure from both sides. First the prosecution asked the Senator what his family would think if Sirhan were allowed to make a negotiated plea of guilty, thus avoiding the death penalty. Ted responded that the family had no position. Then the defense counsel tried to get Kennedy to petition the jury to reject the death penalty. Again he demurred.

Close associates of Kennedy's meanwhile began to talk about the likely consequences of a death sentence. Civil libertarians might start a campaign to save Sirhan from the gas chamber. Some friends envisioned demonstrations in front of Ted's Senate office or Ethel's Hickory Hill home.

After the trial began, Ted Kennedy confided to members of the family his conviction that the Kennedys' position should be made public at the right moment. As a lawyer, he knew that it would be out of place to make a statement until the trial was over and the sentence imposed. Then there would be time for the judge to soften the sentence, or for a reprieve from the Governor.

Fine Lonahand. Last week the Senator made his move. Sirhan's jury had voted the death penalty on April 23, and Superior Court Judge Herbert V. Walker was considering a motion to reduce the sentence. Kennedy drafted a plea for mercy in his fine longhand. He sent copies to Ethel, Sisters Pat Lawford and Jean Smith, and his mother, Rose. They had discussed the matter before; all approved the text. Then Ted sent his original copy to Judge Walker. "My brother was a man of love and sentiment and compassion," he wrote. "He would not have wanted his death to be a cause for the taking of another life."

The dramatic intervention did not faze Walker. As expected, the judge denied both the motion for reducing the death sentence and a plea for a new trial. "It is the feeling of this court that the jury was right," he explained. "I find no reason to change my mind now." Sirhan smiled, shrugged his shoulders and was taken to San Quentin Prison's death row. There he will await the outcome of lengthy appeal proceedings. Defense Investigator Michael McCowan quoted Sirhan as saying "Well, now the real battle begins."

THE ECONOMY

Fear of Overkill

Candidate Richard Nixon promised last year "to halt the inflationary trend in our fiscal and monetary policies, to check the drift that defeats our purposes and steadily narrows our range of choices." Now that he has begun to move cautiously against the inflation that last month shaved another half-cent of value from the already shrunken consumer dollar, Nixon has found his range of choices narrowed by both economic factors and a strong-willed Congress.

The Administration last week offered Congress a three-point initial package to moderate the economy's pace. The plan would repeal the 7% investment

for fiscal 1970—which begins July 1, to \$192,900,000,000. The freeze has a chance for Senate approval as well, although the upper chamber is generally less economy-minded than the House.

Willing to Gamble. Theoretically, the limit should work no great hardship on the Administration. The figure is exactly what Nixon requested in his formal budget presentation. The catch is that spending during a fiscal year is almost always substantially above the estimate made earlier. If the House bill becomes law, any unexpected but necessary increase would force a curtailment elsewhere in a budget that is already relatively lean in domestic areas. Thus the restriction could severely limit the Administration's ability to deal with emergencies and handle such "un-



KENNEDY & MILLS AT COMMITTEE HEARING
Rapidly narrowing range of choices.

credit for business expansion. It also provides for the retention of existing excise taxes on telephones and automobiles. Most important, the Administration would continue the 10% income tax surcharge for six months and then halve it for the following six months. Treasury Secretary David Kennedy said, "This will do the job." House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills, who feels that Nixon's economy efforts to date have lacked conviction and impact, argued that any reduction of the surtax would be "an egregious error."

Freezing the Budget. Mills has wide backing in the House. Even as Secretary Kennedy and other Administration spokesmen were testifying before Ways and Means, the House debated—and then passed—an extraordinary proposal. It clapped an absolute ceiling on federal spending,* limiting outlays

controllable spending" as interest on the national debt and Social Security benefits.

Nixon has been walking a thin line between the savers, like Mills, and the spenders, who want to devote more resources to social programs. Above all, he fears that excessive stringency would "overkill" the economy and cause a recession like the three that occurred during the Eisenhower years. The President also wants to avoid precipitous major slashes in federal spending. These would hike the unemployment rate and put an increased number of Negroes—always the last to be hired and the first to be fired—out of work. He is unwilling to curb inflation at the price of social upheaval. Increasingly, Nixon's opportunity for slowing down the economy in a manner acceptable to all factions in the country is narrowing to one prospect: a Viet Nam settlement. He seems willing to gamble if Congress will allow him, that the U.S. war effort can be reduced by a sufficient degree and soon enough to help the domestic front.

* Last year Congress placed an expenditure limit on the Johnson Administration. That measure was less stringent than this year's because it permitted exceptions to the restriction in some major categories.

PROTEST

Changing Greensboro

In 1960, students from predominantly black North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State University sat down at a Greensboro lunch counter. Peaceful but determined, the Negroes vowed not to move until they were served—and thereby set the pattern of nonviolent sit-ins that dominated black protest for years. Last week A. & T. students in the tobacco and textile town traded shots with police and National Guardsmen for three days. The contrast captured the revolution in the mode of protest in the U.S. that has taken place in the '60s.

The trouble started when students in the town's all-Negro Dudley High School went on a rock-throwing spree to protest a school election from which a militant candidate had been barred. A. & T. students took up the high schoolers' cause only to find themselves excluded from the school by a court order. They vented their anger by pelting whites who drove their cars past the university campus. Police, sent to the campus to enforce a curfew, were then fired upon by snipers, and the dangerous situation grew even worse when Freshman Willie E. Grimes, 20, was found on the campus shot to death.

Though an autopsy showed that the fatal bullet was fired from a weapon smaller than the .38-caliber service revolver carried by police, students charged brutality, and some firing from behind logs, wounded five officers in a military-style ambush near the campus.

University authorities sought to halt the violence by ordering the closing of the school by 6 p.m. Friday, and police and Guardsmen stood by on the perimeter of the campus to enforce the order. Early that morning, summoned by a report that the student-union building was being looted, police moved in and arrested several before sniper fire from other campus buildings pinned them down. Then the Guard acted. Supported by tear gas delivered by helicopter and smoke spread by a light plane, 500 Guardsmen swept across the campus in a dawn assault, clearing the dormitories and rounding up more than 200 students. Neither the police nor the Guardsmen, one of whom was wounded in the action, made any further arrests. They did confiscate a number of weapons found in the dormitories. Among these tools of the new type of protest semiautomatic rifles.

Occupied Berkeley

The ominous motor noise was at first too faint to be heard by the crowd in Sproul Plaza below. Five hundred University of California students and other young people milled about, some loitering on the grass, some gazing at and singing to the National Guardsmen who surrounded them. Gradually, the grinding sound enveloped the plaza. A bulbous green helicopter swooped in over the treetops, belching white puffs of a potent military tear gas called CS. The powder settled indiscriminately on demonstrators and bystanders, drifting into classrooms and the campus hospital. The crowd in Sproul Plaza tried to flee, but gas-masked Guardsmen blocked the exits. The ubiquitous dust terrified women and children picnicking near by; youngsters in a playground half a mile away became hysterical. It disrupted the oral examination of a doctoral candidate. One gasping coed, found in a classroom alone, could only sob: "Bastards! I'm a sorority girl!"

Blue Meanies. She was not the only bystander affected last week by the violence that racked leafy, cerebral Berkeley and brought it under military rule. The trouble started May 15, when the university fenced off a valuable, three-acre lot that it owned and planned to develop. Police evicted students and street people, who had made the tract into a pleasant, albeit illegal, People's Park (TIME, May 23). When a rock- and pipe-throwing mob of students and radicals protested, Alameda County sheriff's deputies—dubbed by students the "Blue Meanies"—sprayed them with birdshot and buckshot. One bystander, James Rector, 25, died last week of buckshot wounds. Rector, a drifter and probation



REAGAN MEETING WITH PROFESSORS

violinist, had been watching the fracas from a rooftop. Police fired at his perch after bricks were thrown from an adjacent building.

Both sides quickly stiffened their efforts. Sheriff Frank I. Madigan, 61, empowered to act under a Governor's emergency decree issued during a previous student disorder, called in Guardsmen and police from surrounding areas. Soon 2,260 troops, plus cops and sheriff's deputies, patrolled the town and campus. Berkeley began to look like an occupied city, with Army Jeeps and trucks clogging the streets, helicopters patrolling the skies and "Yanqui go home" scrawled on walls. Protest marches of up to 4,000, though illegal under the emergency edict, became a daily occurrence. Late last week, Guardsmen surrounded and arrested 482 marchers in the downtown area. They were held in \$800 bail each, in an attempt to break the back of the movement. In ten days of disturbances, there were 150 injuries on both sides and nearly 900 arrests.

The tougher the crackdown by authorities became, the greater the sympathy aroused by the protesters. One old man was seen smiling and waving a flower at demonstrators, and many homeowners offered garden hoses to thirsty marchers. Seventy-eight representatives of long-established student organizations called for continuing the unofficial development of the park, a course supported by 12,719 of almost 15,000 students voting in a referendum. Chancellor Roger Heyns refused. A boycott of classes until the Guard was withdrawn was called by 177 of the 1,000-member faculty.

Dogs of War. Eight professors went to Sacramento to ask Governor Ronald Reagan to pull out the troops, but Reagan supported Madigan's tough stand. "Once the dogs of war have been unleashed," the Governor lectured, "you must expect things will happen." One professor in the delegation, Leon Wolfson, accused Reagan of making a political speech and undercutting the au-



NATIONAL GUARD AT A. & T. CAMPUS
Contrast in a capsule.



CONFRONTATION WITH GUARDSMEN
Counterattack in the apple juice.

thority of college administrators by trying to fire chancellors who opposed the statehouse. At that, Reagan slammed his hand on the desk, shouting: "Listen, you are a liar! I've fought to keep politics out of the running of the university." Reagan later blamed Rector's death on "the first college administrator who said it was all right to break laws in the name of dissent."

The university administrators began to realize toward week's end that they had miscalculated. Their hard-line decision to forcibly evict the street people from the park, which led to the military occupation, had backfired. In effect, they had relinquished their freedom of action to the police and troops. Chancellor Heyns, who earlier had refused to compromise university control of the tract, now indicated that he might negotiate. The university issued conciliatory statements, and Heyns asked for removal of non-university police from the campus. A substantial number of police left the university grounds, and arrests in that area dropped. The young opposition, however, showed no signs of collapsing. Protesters kept busy slipping underground newspapers to troops when Guard officers were not looking. At one point, 15 added Guardsmen were relieved of duty; Major General Glenn C. Ames complained that "hippie-type females" had slipped his men brownies, oranges and apple juice spiked with LSD in a sort of chemical-war counterattack.

In the din of protest, Heyns' Park seemed largely forgotten. The National Guardsmen who had moved in to save it for the university soon occupied it as a bivouac area. It was still fenced off, and where swings and benches had been, there were Jeeps, trucks, pup tents and latrines.

ARMED FORCES

The Flight of Sergeant Meyer

When Paul Meyer attended the Missouri Military Academy seven years ago, it occurred to the school president, Colonel Charles Stribling Jr., that he seemed a bit like Huckleberry Finn. Last week Air Force Sergeant Meyer, 23, a Viet Nam veteran and crew chief of four-engine C-130 Hercules transports, took off on a kind of raft Huck Finn never dreamed of. Unfortunately, he did not manage so happy an ending.

Three days after passing an Air Force "human reliability test" with good marks in February, Meyer was sent to England for temporary duty. He left his wife and three children behind in the rural town of Poquoson, Va. One night last week, Meyer went into Freenkenham, a Suffolk town near the Mildenham air base, got drunk at a party attended by other servicemen and found himself arrested by a constable. He was taken back to the base and put to bed. Although Meyer was under orders not to leave his barracks, about 5 a.m. he got up and sneaked out of his billet. He showed his identification card to a guard and walked onto the two-mile-long runway No. 29.

Life Raft and Oil Slick. He climbed into one of his squadron's 60-ton, \$2.3 million airplanes, revved up the engines and started taxiing around. As crew chief, he was authorized to do so. Keeping the plane in proper operating condition was his responsibility, and crew chiefs generally have a free hand with aircraft while on the ground. But suddenly he pointed the plane's nose down the runway and took off. Though the plane normally requires a flight crew of four, Meyer seemed to know what he was doing. He had some experience piloting light planes, and worked some 500 hours on C-130s. Before takeoff, he had taken on enough fuel to fly for 15 hours—more than enough to get him across the Atlantic.

Meyer flew in widening circles, climbing to 18,000 ft. Royal Air Force radar picked up the Hercules near Cherbourg, on the Normandy coast. Six chase planes went up in pursuit but lost radar contact almost instantly. Nearly an hour after his takeoff, Meyer called in to ask that he be put in touch with his wife by radiotelephone. The Air Force complied. "I am heading home," he told her. Then he radioed: "I'm having trouble with my automatic pilot. I leave me alone for five minutes, I'm having trouble." That was the last word anyone heard from the sergeant.

Next day, in the English Channel only five miles from the spot where Meyer's C-130 disappeared from radar screens, a British helicopter picked up an empty life raft which Air Force officials identified as coming from the missing airplane. An oil slick and several black metal panels turned up floating nearby. There was no trace of Sergeant Meyer.

RACES

Cleaver in Cuba

He went through the garage of an unpretentious apartment building near the heart of Havana, went up six flights in a tiny elevator, and knocked on a heavy door. He was scrutinized through a two-way mirror, then admitted into the presence of Eldridge Cleaver—Black Panther leader, author and, for the past six months, one of America's most mysterious fugitives.

"How did you find my apartment?" asked Cleaver, visibly startled. "Who told you I lived here?" The answers remained the secret of James Pringle, 31, Havana correspondent for Reuters. Pringle had apparently acted on a tip from someone close to or in Havana's small Black Panther exile colony.

Cleaver dropped from sight in late November, when he was scheduled to return to prison for a parole violation. He is believed to have left the United States that same month after shaving off his beard to alter his appearance. It has since grown back, and he seems to have gained weight in Havana. Pringle reported that Cleaver has toured Cuba, but has not yet met Premier Fidel Castro. Cleaver's presence has been ignored by the heavily censored Cuban press. He refused to say much after being discovered, but did tell Pringle that he was working on a sequel to *Soul on Ice*. Its success could be important to some of the people he left behind in California, including his wife Kathleen. Though Cleaver is safe from U.S. authorities as long as he remains in Cuba, his wife and supporters must pay \$50,000 in forfeited bail money.

JOHN KAPLAN, BLACK STAR



CLEAVER & WIFE
At work on a sequel.

THE CITY: HOPE FOR THE SUMMER

The Fire Next Time. James Baldwin warned in 1963, and history seemed bent on rewriting the admonition to "a bigger fire next summer." Since Harlem ignited in 1964 and Watts a year later, blacks and whites have shared a fear of each approaching riot season. Can this year be different?

Cautiously, with an almost superstitious anxiety that expressions of hope may tempt fate, black and white leaders across the nation look for a better summer. A survey by *TIME* correspondents in 28 cities found that the all-too-routine apprehensions are now mixed with a sense of optimism based on lessons painfully learned.

Causes for concern persist, of course. Police in Chicago worry about a con-

night of looting and property damage, an all-black volunteer patrol worked with the police to check violence. Wearing yellow armbands for identification, the volunteers preceded the police in their sweeps through ghetto streets, warning residents to obey the 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. curfew imposed by Mayor Hugh Addonizio. The disorder abated quickly, without causing sympathy tremors in other New Jersey cities. In San Francisco, black clergymen, labor officials and professional people went out into the neighborhoods to help cool rising tempers following a police raid on Black Panther headquarters.

Little City Halls. Slow as it is in coming, some progress is also being made in eliminating conditions that promote

"I'm really optimistic," says William Schindler of the New Detroit Committee, "that we're in for a calm time." Mayor John Ballard of Akron has ordered more frequent garbage collections and improvement of ghetto property. Atlanta Mayor Ivan Allen has opened "little city halls" in Negro districts.

Battle Plans. The police are moving in a number of ways to prevent violence. Programs of varying size and efficacy to improve police relations with the ghettos have been started in most cities. Los Angeles' hard-line chief Tom Reddin has left police work for television. Recruiting, particularly of black policemen, has been stepped up. Washington has added 500 men to its 3,600-member force and plans to add another 500. One hundred and forty of the latest 1,000 graduates of the New York Police Academy are black.

Police are continuing to refine plans for controlling violence if it should occur. St. Louis plainclothesmen are ready to single out and arrest troublemakers. Houston Chief Herman Short is prepared to "meet force with overwhelming force." Los Angeles police have seven helicopters and an elaborate battle plan involving National Guard and Army Reserve units to cope with violence. Cleveland police are ready to move decisively if the recent conviction and death sentence of Fred ("Ahmed") Evans—a black nationalist who led the fatal ambush of three policemen and a civilian last summer—should touch off rioting there.

Upcoming municipal elections should help to prevent violence in some cities, particularly where blacks hold or seek high office. Newark Negroes, sensing an opportunity to gain control of the city government in next May's elections, have reason for restraint: they wish to do nothing to help Anthony Imperiale, who bases his candidacy on white fear of the Negroes. Blacks in Cleveland are likely to reunite behind Negro Mayor Carl Stokes, who is up for re-election this fall. The mayoral campaign of Negro City Councilman Tom Bradley in Los Angeles has helped to rally that city's Negro community—and to raise black hopes for a more sympathetic city hall than Sam Yorty has run.

Even if riots are held in check this year, however, halcyon days are not necessarily imminent.

Violence on and around campuses may yet succeed and surpass the traditional types of slump upheaval in casualties. Clashes between student militants and university and civil authorities have already triggered guns, ignited fire bombs, and broken heads from coast to coast. The latest spasm at Berkeley, in which students and police confronted each other over an off-campus issue, demonstrates how easily a single crisis can involve both city and university.




VOLUNTEER PATROL IN NEWARK
Increasingly aware of the suicidal aspects.

tinuation of the snipings and gang shoot-outs that have claimed 29 lives since the beginning of the year. Authorities in New York fear that racial turmoil centered in the schools may spill into the community at large this summer. Pittsburgh police are alert for guerrilla warfare in integrated mill neighborhoods. Despite these threats, despite the knowledge that a single unexpected incident can turn hope to ashes—literally—the dominant mood is that this year the cities are not for burning.

Qualified Confidence. One factor accounting for this qualified confidence is the growing eagerness of Negro communities themselves to prevent violence. Except for a tiny minority of black anarchists, Negroes are increasingly aware of the suicidal aspect of ravaging their own neighborhoods. In Newark last week, after the fatal shooting of a black youth by a black policeman triggered a

unrest. Unemployment is at its lowest point in 15 years. Although there has been no major infusion of federal money recently, expanded recreation, job and housing programs are under way in many cities. The Youth Advisory Council of Greater Los Angeles is coordinating federal, state and local job programs, and the State Employment Service plans to find jobs for all graduating high school seniors before they have a chance to waste the summer. A Model Cities program has been launched in Watts, and Lockheed Aircraft has dedicated a site for a new plant in the Willow Brook area. Four new swimming pools are scheduled to open in Miami's ghetto this summer.

Detroit is running an \$8.9 million recreation program, and the police, who came in for heavy criticism for their role in the 1967 rioting, are preparing their own sports program for youth.



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THE WORLD

THE BATTLE FOR HAMBURGER HILL

AP Bia Mountain anchors the north-west corner of South Viet Nam's A Shau Valley, since 1966 a major infiltration route for Communist forces from the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos to the coastal cities of northern I Corps. It is a mountain much like any other in that part of the Highlands, green, triple-canopied and spiked with thick stands of bamboo. On military maps it is listed as Hill 937, the number representing its height in meters. Last week it acquired another name: Hamburger Hill. It was a grisly but all too appropriate description, for the battle in and around Ap Bia took the lives of 84 G.I.s and wounded 480 more. Such engagements were familiar enough in Viet Nam up until a year ago. But coming at this stage of the war and the peace talks, the battle for Hamburger Hill set off tremors of controversy that carried all the way to Capitol Hill.

Assaults Repulsed. The battle for Hill 937 began uneventfully enough. On May 10, nine battalions of American and Vietnamese troops were helilifted into landing zones between the A Shau Valley and the Laotian border to disrupt possible North Vietnamese attacks toward the coast and to cut off Communist escape routes. There was little contact at first, but the next day, conditions changed for Lieut. Colonel Weldon F. Honeycutt's 3rd Battalion, 187th Regiment, of the 101st Airborne Division. Wheeling away from the border and eastward toward Hill 937, Honeycutt's troops surprised a North Vietnamese trail-watching squad and wiped it out. Estimating that a company of North Vietnamese occupied the hill (it turned out to be part of two regi-

ments), Honeycutt sent his men up Ap Bia on May 12. The troopers quickly ran as Specialist Four Jimmy Speers recalled, "into garbage": rocket grenades, fire from automatic weapons, lethal Claymore mines dangling from bushes and trees. The American attackers were forced to pull back. An assault by two companies on May 13 was also repulsed by the North Vietnamese. Honeycutt, a hard-nosed commander who often walks the point (the exposed forward position in a formation) with his battalion, did not give up. On May 14 the battalion, trying again, nearly made the top of the hill. But while Honeycutt, whose radio code name is "Black Jack," radioed, "Get up off your butts, get moving," the commander of the lead company was wounded and the attack petered out.

After so many costly failures to gain Ap Bia's summit, some U.S. soldiers were dispirited. "There were lots of people in Bravo company [which had borne the brunt of the casualties] who were going to refuse to go up again," one soldier said. "There'd been low morale, but never before so low—because we felt it was all so senseless." Two other battalions from the 101st and a battalion from the Vietnamese 1st Division were brought up as reinforcements. On May 18, two battalions—all of their men loaded down with 40 magazines of rifle ammunition—tried again, and were thrown back just short of the crest in a blinding rainstorm and a shower of Communist grenades. One company commander stillled growing discontent among his men by telling them that "we are soldiers, and we have to do our job." He was scared, he said. "Ev-

erbody was scared. But we had to go back up."

Two days later, on May 20, after more than 20,000 artillery rounds and 155 air strikes had virtually denuded the top of 937, the assault force finally took the hill. The U.S. command claimed that 622 North Vietnamese had been killed, though only 182 weapons were found, indicating that the dead might actually be considerably fewer. Specialist Speers, who had begun the battle as a squad leader, came down as a platoon commander—such were the U.S. casualties.

No Orders. The reaction in Washington came quickly. Mindful of similar assaults in the past—when hills were taken at high cost and then quickly abandoned—Senator Edward Kennedy charged that it was "both senseless and irresponsible to continue to send our young men to their deaths to capture hills and positions that have no relation to this conflict." After initial hesitation, the Army fought back, describing the battle as a "tremendous, gallant victory." Major General Melvin Zais, commander of the 101st, observed that "the only significance of Hill 937 was the fact that there were North Vietnamese on it. My mission was to destroy enemy forces and installations. We found the enemy on Hill 937, and that is where we fought him." Bypassing the hill would have made no military sense, he explained, because it would have given the Communists control of the high ground. "It's a myth that if we don't do anything, nothing will happen to us. It's not true. If we did pull back and were quiet, they'd kill us in the night." Zais said that he had received

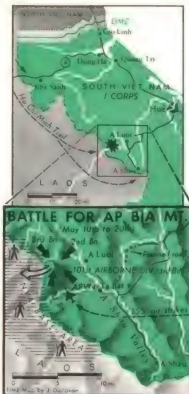


U.S. TROOPERS CHARGE FROM HELICOPTER



G.I.S EVACUATE WOUNDED BUDDY

Tremors of controversy all the way to Capitol Hill.



no orders to keep casualties* down. Could he not have ordered B-52 strikes against the hill, rather than committing his paratroopers? The general said "absolutely not"—air power could not possibly have done the job.

In strictly military terms, Zais' explanation made eminent sense, particularly since U.S. units are still operating under orders, first issued at the time of the bombing halt, to exert "maximum pressure" on their foe—part of the U.S. version of "fight and talk." Nixon, like Lyndon Johnson before him, probably feels that lack of such pressure could erode the allied negotiating position in Paris. But the war and domestic reaction to it have gone far beyond purely military considerations now, and the battle of Ap Bia raises the question of whether or not the U.S. should try to scale down the fighting by rescinding the maximum-pressure order. The Communists might follow suit and U.S. casualties might be reduced.

All of that mattered little on Hill 937. When the battle was over—while helicopters flew out stacks of holed American helmets and bloody flak jackets—TIME Correspondent John Wilhelm found a piece of cardboard and a black 101st neckerchief pinned by a G.I. knife to a blackened tree trunk. "Hamburger Hill," a soldier had scrawled on the cardboard, and someone else had added the words, "Was it worth it?"

* Which, for the week preceding the final Ap Bia battle, reached the second highest toll of 1969, with 430 Americans killed.

TOWARD SUBSTANCE AT THE PEACE TABLE

IN the wake of President Richard Nixon's Viet Nam speech, the U.S. and North Viet Nam last week edged cautiously toward substance in the Paris peace talks. The movement, as usual, appeared tortuously slow. That was in part a measure of the distance that still separates the participants, but more important, it was a sign that each side has yet to render a final verdict on the other's proposal. After last week's session in the old Hotel Majestic, North Viet Nam's chief delegate, Xuan Thuy, left Paris for his first visit home since the talks began—doubtless to receive fresh instructions. Even so, both sides have already arrived at closer agreement on the principles of a settlement than they publicly acknowledge.

On the matter of troop withdrawals, Hanoi has privately agreed to President Nixon's insistence on simultaneous mutual pull-outs. The North Vietnamese insist, however, on maintaining the fiction of victory. While continuing to demand unilateral U.S. withdrawal, they would simply negotiate their own private "unilateral" pull-out with South Viet Nam—which would just happen to correspond with the U.S. schedule. On the issue of interim authority in the South, the major stumbling block, the U.S. has given up its demand that elections for a permanent government be controlled by the present Saigon regime. That, to be sure, is still a long way from agreeing to Hanoi's demand for a coalition government that would include Communists, but the U.S. has not even ruled out that possibility, in the dubious event that the South Vietnamese government would agree to it.

Common Ground. What remained undefined were the modalities in Paris: how to get Hanoi and the National Liberation Front to begin discussing a withdrawal schedule, how to persuade Saigon to talk of compromising on election particulars. U.S. Negotiator Henry Cabot Lodge, however, remained de-

termined to push the talks off dead center. "We have reached a stage in these negotiations where the issues have become clear, and we can now get down to serious discussion of them in specific detail," he declared. Lodge thereupon named five specific issues—ranging from agreements on Laos and Cambodia to release of prisoners—where "sufficient common ground" exists to begin negotiating. After warming up on these peripheral subjects, he then broached the more basic issues of troop withdrawals and political settlement.

On the surface, at least, his persistence brought the forms of peace no closer. North Vietnamese Spokesman Nguyen Thanh Le said that the two positions remained "as different as night from day." Still, U.S. negotiators noted that the session remained refreshingly free of propaganda blasts, and Lodge himself left convinced that "a basis now exists for productive discussions."

Raft of Qualifiers. How the war ends will inevitably affect U.S. policy elsewhere in Asia. Speaking at the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization meeting last week, U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers assured the six other delegations seated in Bangkok's Santi Maetri building that the U.S. still believes that human progress in Asia depends on a "prevailing sense of security," and would remain a loyal member of SEATO. But he also served notice that there are "limits to the commitments that the U.S. can undertake." The urgent claims on its resources, said Rogers, must be "balanced and compromised and reconciled."

The raft of qualifiers brought far less dismay to SEATO members than it might have several years ago. Southeast Asia's leaders are increasingly determined to deal by themselves with the Communist insurgency that besets most. Philippine Foreign Secretary Carlos Romulo put the matter gently when he said that most Asians would prefer from



NORTH VIET NAM'S XUAN THUY



AMBASSADOR LODGE

The issues have become clear. Now to the specifics.

the U.S. "a pledge rather than a presence, a commitment rather than an accomplishment." Added Romulo: "For many reasons, it is not desirable for foreign armies to dot our landscape."

Running Alongside. The first hard evidence of new U.S.-Asian cooperation, ironically, will likely be the demise of SEATO. Nixon is on record as having somewhat redundantly called the organization "an anachronistic relic," and a majority of Asian leaders agree that cold war-style mutual security treaties are no longer in their countries' best interest. Until the dimensions of peace are clear, however, the Administration is committed to the SEATO framework, and U.S. allies clearly find patience a wiser course than complete independence. One of them, in explaining Asia's mood to Rogers, compared it to learning to ride a bicycle. "You never know whether you can do it until the man running alongside you takes his hands off," he said. "We think we can do it, but we wish just the same that you would run alongside us for a while."

Of all the Asians that Rogers talked to, none face quite the same perils of bicycling on their own that South Viet Nam's Nguyen Van Thieu must encounter. Last week, perhaps more to show the world that Nixon is still alongside him than anything else, Thieu requested and got an agreement on a summit meeting between himself and the U.S. President. It was scheduled for June 8 on the U.S. Pacific island of Midway. Thieu placed strong pressure on Nixon for a face-to-face meeting as proof that the President's speech did not mean to undercut U.S. support for his regime as South Viet Nam's legitimate government. That support is vital to Thieu in the face of continued Communist insistence that the "Thieu-Ky clique" must go before any settlement of the long war is possible.

NORTH VIET NAM

Trying to Read Ho

Just as the pressures on the South Vietnamese government affect the Paris talks so, too, do the pressures on the leaders of North Viet Nam. Are the North Vietnamese really weary of the war? Have the tremendous losses suffered by Hanoi's army in the South placed a burden on Ho Chi Minh's freedom of action? Do the North Vietnamese now want peace badly enough to make significant concessions?

The questions are vital, but the answers are hard to come by. Though the Communists are fully aware of the domestic pressures in the U.S. to settle the war, and try to manipulate American public opinion to their own advantage, the American negotiators have only the scantiest information about the mood of North Viet Nam or how that mood might affect the Communists' bargaining position. About all that U.S. policymakers can do is ponder the clues that slip out of Ho Chi Minh's secretive land by means of foreign vis-



SWIMMING POOL IN HANOI

Only a few slim clues from the secretive land.

itors, an occasional defector, and the North's own radio broadcasts.

Hanoi's handling of its casualties is an especially intriguing point. Since the 1968 Tet offensive, the North Vietnamese have borne the brunt of the fighting in the South; during that time, they have suffered an estimated 150,000 to 200,000 battle deaths. Yet the Hanoi regime does not inform parents and wives of the fate of their dead sons and husbands. Possibly Hanoi's silence on the subject indicates that the government fears popular reaction to the big losses. On the other hand, the regime's behavior may simply indicate that it does not have to take public opinion into consideration.

On the other side of the casualty ledger, some North Vietnamese may be skeptical of their government's war reports, which continually boast of inflicting outsized losses on the enemy. A letter, signed by "Many Readers," appeared in the March issue of *Popular Current Events*, a party periodical, asking: "If, since the war began, we have annihilated 1,500,000 of the enemy, including 500,000 Americans, why does the enemy still have more than 1,000,000 troops in South Viet Nam?" The editor's reply was strictly party-line—that the U.S. is a huge industrial country that is able to mobilize great resources by draining its colonies. The interesting point was that the regime allowed such a question to be raised in public.

Conflicting Reports. What little direct reporting there is from North Viet Nam is sketchy and often contradictory. A Japanese businessman, who has made many trips to Hanoi during the past 14 years, returned home recently with the impression that the North Vietnamese capital was cleaner and more sprightly than he had ever found it. According

to his tourist's-eye view, cafés and beauty shops were full of customers, food was plentiful and moderately priced, and Hanoi's women had blossomed forth for spring in new pink blouses. Boats on the artificial lake in the city's Unification Park were newly equipped with outboard motors for the use of visitors.

A defector from Hanoi, however, reported that life for the average North Vietnamese is grim, and that at least 50% of the people no longer support the government. The defector, a one-time portrait painter in his late 20s, testified that there is much discontent, but that people are afraid of talking honestly except among friends since the penalty for dissent is jail. Rationing is still strict, he said, and the 30-lb. monthly rice allotment is now 60% laced with Soviet wheat, a fact that distresses the North Vietnamese, who, like most Asians, find cereal grains unpalatable.

Morale Problem. From its monitoring of Hanoi's broadcasts and press, U.S. intelligence is increasingly convinced that the North now faces a morale problem. The U.S. reasoning runs like this: so long as the bombs were raining down, the North Vietnamese people saw the need for sacrifice. But once the bombing stopped, the populace began to look for some fruits of what their leaders said had been a glorious victory. None were forthcoming, and the regime has been forced to exhort its people more than ever to work harder and retain a warlike spirit. If this analysis is correct, then all the allied claims justifying the bombing as demoralizing to Ho's people would seem to have been in error.

A few U.S. experts, notably Hanoi Watcher Douglas Pike, profess to detect differences in the Hanoi leadership about how best to proceed with the war in the South. The dominant group,

THE BATTLEFIELDS REVISITED

of which Ho and Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap are members, is made up of hard-liners who brush aside domestic considerations. They hold that the war can be won by pressing on with the present strategy of employing both conventional and guerrilla forces in the South. A second group led by Politburo Member Truong Chinh, so the analysis goes, favors a return to guerrilla warfare in the South in an effort to outlast the U.S. and the South Vietnamese while conserving the North's own manpower and other resources. The third, and so far least influential group, whose spokesman is Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh, supposedly favors seeking victory at the conference table and employing only limited guerrilla forces in the South. Though none of the three groups favors an end to the fighting except on their own terms, Pike believes, each of them can also find some advantage in attempting to bring about their aims at the conference table as well as on the battlefield.

Tough Facade. Whether such differences actually exist or not, the regime is still putting up a tough facade. In a meeting with his military leaders, Ho Chi Minh last week declared that peace will come "only when all American aggressor troops are completely swept out of our country and the puppet traitors are overthrown." Added Ho: "I look forward to hearing of great and glorious new victories against the enemy." It is bellicose talk, but no American analyst could say for certain whether Ho really meant it—or whether it was only rhetoric intended to strengthen the Communists' bargaining position before they enter serious peace negotiations. Most likely, it was part of the present effort to test the resolve of the new American President and to determine whether the Communists can gain the most by fighting or by talking—or by continuing to do both.

WHAT a sight met our eyes! As far as we could see, there were ships of all kinds and sizes, and above floated silvery big balloons. Big bombers were passing and repassing in the sky. What a noise everywhere and the smell of burning. Tanks and soldiers are on the road to Asnelles. Is it really true? We are liberated at last."

On June 6 it will be 25 years to the day that two elderly French spinsters, Anais Georget and Blanche Cardon, wrote those words in their diary. It was D-day, and along the coast of Normandy, under gray, blustery skies, 156,000 Allied troops were hurling themselves against Hitler's *Festung Europa*, launching a thrust that would conclude on the Elbe River eleven months later and bring World War II to an end. Anais Georget and Blanche Cardon have long since died, but the memories and memorials of that day in 1944 have not. On the beaches, in the cliffs and dunes and marshes beyond them, linger the grim reminders—rusted guns, brownish-black pillboxes, and endless rows of crosses. TIME Correspondent Benjamin Cate toured the battle areas, talked with the French who still live where so much blood was spilled, and last week sent this report:

At Omaha, the most arduous of the five D-day beaches assaulted (Utah, Juno, Sword and Gold were the others), the sand is a dirty golden color, and the tidal flats reach in for 100 yards to a series of bluffs covered with tamarisk, brambles, and wild blackberries. In 1944 the bluffs were ablaze with German fire: in the first violent hours of the invasion, some 3,000 Americans were cut down as they waded in from their landing craft and clung desperately to the perilous band of beach.

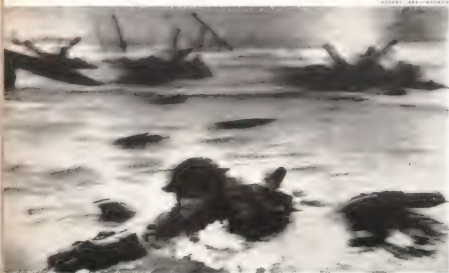
Now, as then, it is cold and wet on Omaha. From the Channel, the north wind knives in, and the beach is desolate except for the occasional lonely figure poking for shellfish. As the tide recedes, the ugly debris of war emerges: a black shape here, a jagged something there. The silence is awesome.

With the Boys. Leo Heroux, a Rhode Islander, first saw Omaha on June 6, 1944, as a 19-year-old G.I. with the 5th Special Engineer Brigade. Later that day, when the U.S. attack had punched inland, a friendly farmer gave him a drink of milk and Heroux met the man's pretty daughter. They were married after the war and returned to Normandy to live. Heroux has four children now and runs a driving school with his father-in-law. Every June 6, he closes his office and wanders down barren Omaha Beach to "walk over the sand and be with the boys who didn't make it."

Many of those who did not, lie in the American cemetery near Saint-Laurent-sur-Mer, its 9,386 gleaming white marble crosses and stars of David overlooking a part of the beach called "Easy Red" 25 years ago. There are also 19 smaller British and Canadian cemeteries in the invasion area, and at La Cambre, one of four German cemeteries, 21,500 rest, guarded by a giant dark cross and the sculptures of two grieving parents. All the cemeteries are meticulously maintained by their governments.

Utah, the other beach on which U.S. forces landed, is even bleaker than Omaha: a vast expanse of windswept dunes and scrub grass. To Mayor Michel de Vallierville of nearby Sainte-Marie-du-Mont, the beach is an almost personal possession. "It remains the symbol of liberation," he says. On June 6, 1944, De Vallierville was mistakenly shot and wounded by American paratroopers, but it did not affect his gratitude to the liberators. Over the years, he has built a small museum in a blockhouse and has seen to it that the original wooden markers naming local roads and paths after fallen American soldiers were replaced by neat cement *bornes* bearing the information. In the village's Café du 6 Juin, under crude murals depicting the invasion, the locals sit over their Calvados and chat about the *débarquement* as if it had happened yesterday.

Demolition Teams. Weathered German pillboxes, part of Hitler's supposedly impenetrable "Atlantic Wall," are everywhere. In Ver-sur-Mer, at one end of the beach promenade, tourists stroll past a blockhouse that now serves as a signal station for fishing boats. A few blockhouses elsewhere have been converted into homes, chicken coops and storage sheds. All along the coast, demolition teams still roam the countryside searching for unexploded ammunition; every so often, when a big enough haul is accumulated, it is blown up on Omaha after the tide has come in. At Arromanches-les-Bains, snuggled between



WADING ASHORE AT OMAHA BEACH JUNE 6, 1944
Now, as then, it is cold and wet.

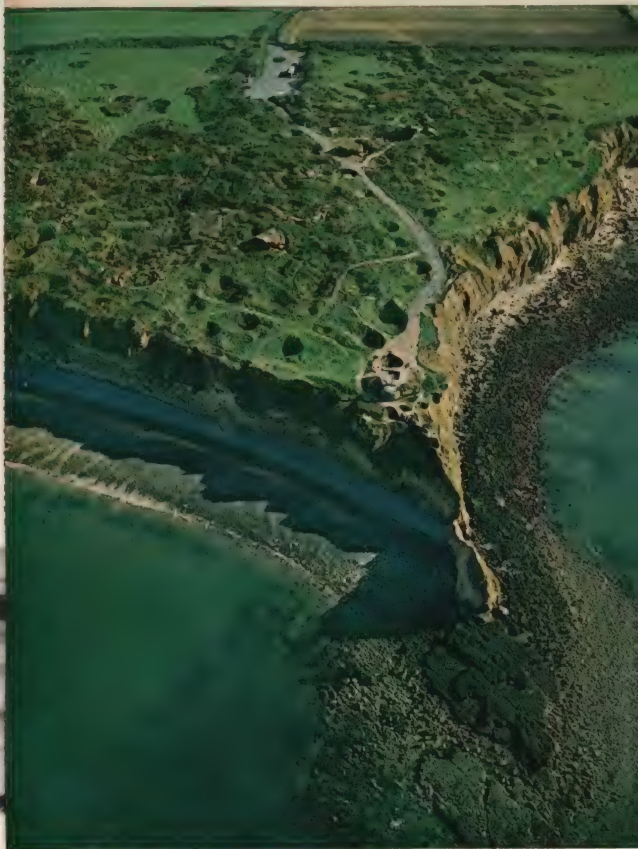


NORMANDY'S BEACHES 25 YEARS AFTER D-DAY

Near Saint-Laurent-sur-Mer, overlooking Omaha Beach, sunset etches long rows of crosses in the American cemetery. More than 9,300 U.S. servicemen rest there, men who fell in the initial assault on the beach and the subsequent bloody struggle to establish a beachhead on Omaha (below). The 172-acre burial site above the beach was granted in perpetuity by a grateful French government.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AP/WIDE WORLD





Bomb and shell craters still pockmark the plateau atop the Pointe du Hoc (left), the promontory from which the German defenders had a commanding fire sweep of both Omaha and Utah beaches. Lieut. Colonel James E. Rudder's 2nd Ranger Battalion scoled the sheer cliffs with the aid of ropes and ladders, including a London Fire Brigade hook and ladder mounted on barges, fighting their way through a hail of automatic-weapons fire, grenades and even boulders rolled down by the defenders. It took almost 30 hours to secure Pointe du Hoc. The firepower brought to bear on the invasion beaches by both sides was awesome; even now French civil defense bomb-disposal teams are kept busy. The haul at right, the harvest of only a few weeks, includes German, British and American ammunition; the large bomb is a British 1,000-lb. blockbuster. Near the village of Sainte-Marie-du-Mont, off Utah Beach, stands a marker erected by local inhabitants in memory of an American soldier who died there. Next to it, two antitank guns poke their rusty barrels toward the sea.





A German 152-mm. coastal defense gun near Longues-sur-Mer juts out from a massive blackhouse. The artillery piece was one of four that covered a vast area of the Bay of the Seine.



At Bernières-sur-Mer on Juno Beach where Canadian and British troops landed, a gutted German blackhouse anchors a long line of beach cabanas awaiting the bikini season.



Strollers on the beach front at the resort town of Saint-Aubin-sur-Mer casually pass a German anti-tank gun still nestling in its heavy concrete shield.



Trapped in a tree line and partly overgrown with weeds, the hulk of a British tank rusts away, its gun no longer menacing. The tank was hit and disabled near Sword Beach, one of the British landing sites.



Flowers grow outside a German bunker that has been this Frenchwoman's home for the past 18 years. A few other bunkers are similarly occupied; one, near Franceville-Plage, is being converted into a discothèque.

A giant cross overlooks the German cemetery at La Cambe, where an estimated 21,500 German troops are buried. The cemetery was a resting place for Americans until 1947, when their bodies were returned to the U.S.



yellowish cliffs, pony-drawn buggies roll along the beach to show tourists the town's main attraction: Port Winston, the Allies' huge artificial harbor of 115 ferro-concrete caissons, each weighing 6,000 tons. Through Winston the Allies funneled 2,500,000 troops, half a million vehicles and 4,000,000 tons of supplies in the eight months after D-day. Only 40 of the caissons jut above the water now, roosting places for seagulls and shadow sanctuaries for schools of fish. In July and August, vacationers swell the town's population of 340 to ten times that; the rest of the year Arromanches lives with memory. A few miles down the coast, at the Pointe du Hoc, a forbiddingly steep promontory scaled by American Rangers in a daring attack, bomb and shell craters and broken blockhouses testify to the fierceness of the battle.

There are abiding feuds among the coastal villages as to each one's role on D-day. Courseulles-sur-Mer claims that it, not Gravel-sur-Mer, is the spot where George VI and Winston Churchill stepped ashore; the two villages are barely 50 meters apart. Sainte-Mère-Eglise and Bénouville, both in drop zones for Allied paratroops, are still haggling over which was liberated first (Bénouville was). To the thousands of tourists—mostly French—who come every year, the claims and counterclaims make little difference. They come and they look, silently, respectfully, moved by the monuments—visible and invisible—to what took place in Normandy 25 years ago.

FRANCE

The Making of le Président

In the final days of campaigning in the first round of France's presidential elections, the two major candidates seemed to be following *The Making of The President, 1960*, chapter by chapter. Interim President Alain Poher put away his steel-rimmed glasses that had turned into hundreds of tiny distracting mirrors during his first TV appearance and adopted the horn-rimmed non-reflecting kind. Gaullist Georges Pompidou had his bushy eyebrows trimmed to improve his on-camera appearance and turned on a whirlwind, U.S.-style campaign, crisscrossing the country by helicopter and executive jet. Offering a something-for-everyone platform, Pompidou promised investment incentives for business, lower taxes for shopkeepers, and declared to farmers: "I don't want to forget you. After all, I am the grandson of a peasant."

Pompidou, the banker, poet and *bon vivant*, continued to go out of his way to picture himself, not very convincingly, as an ordinary Frenchman, a sort of Pompoher. "When I go through a red light," he told one audience, "I get tickets and pay them like everyone else. I know about domestic problems, the worries of the children and the dishes to be washed."

Poher, by contrast, strove to explain

CHRON—GAMMA



POHER AT BORDEAUX-MARSEILLE SOCCER MATCH

Wait for the word.

"why an unknown such as myself had the audacity to enter the presidential race" and read on television one of the fan letters he had received urging him to run ("You have brought us reason to be courageous and hopeful"). Poher offered a platform that was the antithesis of Gaullism. He promised to do away with "prestige projects" and suggested that France could not afford De Gaulle's vaunted *force de frappe*. He also pledged a "profound change" in foreign policy, and to work for a united Europe for the "future of our youth." In domestic affairs, Poher offered "draconian economic measures" to defend the franc, an end to government influence over the state television network, whose propaganda broadcasts had "chloroformed the country," and abolition of the Ministry of Information.

In a peculiarly French subplot, the other main candidates—Socialist Gaston Defferre and Communist Jacques Duclos—are running for third place, primarily to establish their respective claims to speak for French workers. The real question is which of the front runners would inherit those votes in a runoff election, if all but Pompidou and Poher were eliminated (a runoff must be held if no candidate gets a majority in the first round).

Last week the latest poll on the voting in the first round on June 1 gave Pompidou 41% of the vote and Poher 30%, a seven-point slippage for Poher. What the survey could not reflect was whether or not the voters of the left, who make up the balance of the electorate, will line up solidly against Pompidou in the runoff election that will probably be needed on June 15—and put Poher over the top.

Poher has already worked out his strategy for that final phase of the campaign. He intends to emerge from the Elysée Palace with an aggressive attack

on the Gaullist record that Pompidou inescapably shares. As Poher's strategists see it, all they need now to ensure certain victory is a word of endorsement from De Gaulle—for Pompidou.

RUSSIA

Bringing Down Thunderbolts

Russia today is ruled by a collective leadership, and Westerners naturally wonder who is on top or who is fighting whom inside that group. Soviet authorities are extremely sensitive about such speculation, insisting that all is harmony within the Kremlin leadership. They also do not like foreign correspondents who speak fluent Russian and develop a wide circle of unsanctioned contacts in Moscow. On those counts, the correspondent that has bothered them most of late is the Washington *Post's* Anatole Shub, 41, who has been in Moscow for the past two years. Last week the Soviets expelled "Tony" Shub from Russia.

The move reflected a growing Soviet campaign to choke off contacts between foreign newsmen and Soviet citizens, most notably the intellectuals who sometimes slip protest manifestos to Western journalists. Since last April, Shub and the New York *Times's* Henry Kamm have been barred from traveling beyond a 25-mile radius from Moscow.

Chinese Threat. The Soviet action also showed an intense official annoyance at Shub's reporting, especially a recent article that appeared in the *International Herald Tribune* under the intriguing if overblown headline: CAN THE SOVIET UNION LAST UNTIL 1980? "That brought down the thunderbolts," said Shub after he flew out to London. The article focused on the threat of war with China and speculated that the dissident minority groups in the Soviet Union's western borderlands might seize

the opportunity to revolt against Soviet rule. In other articles, Shub has delineated the possible power struggles within the Kremlin and described the plight of the Soviet intellectuals, with whom he has close ties.

Since the Soviets knew that Shub was scheduled to leave Moscow in July for a new assignment, his expulsion raised the question of why they had chosen at this late date to make an issue of his reporting. Foreign diplomats and correspondents in Moscow surmised that the Soviets wanted to make an example of him in the hopes of discouraging similar reporting by other newsmen. In retaliation, the U.S. at week's end ordered a Tass correspondent based in Washington to get out of the country within 48 hours.

Twice Forced To Leave. Tony Shub's family background may have made the Soviets especially wary of him. His father, David Shub, 81, is a Russian-born Social Democrat who was expelled from Russia by Czarist officials during the liberal agitation before the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917. Settling in the U.S., the elder Shub wrote *Lenin*, still one of the authoritative books on the revolutionary's life. When ordered out of Russia by a Foreign Ministry official last week, the younger Shub replied: "My father was also twice forced to leave the country by the Russian authorities of the day, and that didn't help them either in solving their internal or international problems."

SPAIN

Life in the Afternoon

The picturesque [meaning rowdy bull-fights in little fiesta towns] is for when you are young, or if you are a little drunk so that it will all seem real, or if you never grow up, or if you have a girl with you who has never seen it, or for once in a season, or for those who like it. But if you really want to learn about bullfighting, or if you ever get to feel strongly about it, sooner or later you will have to go to Madrid.

—Hemingway,
Death in the Afternoon

Ah, Papa, were you to do a Mr. Jordan this season and go to Madrid, how confounded you would be. Last week the annual Fair of San Isidro was at its peak. Yet two of Spain's best matadors were not even there, although that 16-day burst of bullfighting is the World Series, Davis Cup competition and The Ashes of cricket all folded into one. El Cordobés and Palomo Linares had defied *Los Siete Grandes*, the seven biggest ring owner-agents, who henceforth intend to control the sport by setting fees and scheduling matadors. For that, the pair had been banished, cast out to fight before the drunks and girls and the never-grow-ups in picturesque third-class towns.

It was just as well, perhaps. San Isidro was such a bust that scalpers out-

side the Plaza Monumental were hustling one another. Could you comprehend, Papa, that this Chartres of the taurine religion was filled only once in 16 days, and then only because three top matadors were crowded together in undignified fashion on the program? Other days, sprinkles of faithful filled the arena instead, with strident three-syllable screams of "Novillero!" (Novice) hurled at inept performers. Or, in ultimate insult, they turned their backs on the orange sand to wave their tickets in rage at the *corrida* president.

Crisis, of course, is as elemental to bullfighting as the cape and sword. Fifty years ago, Spaniards swore that Belmonte was commercializing the fights

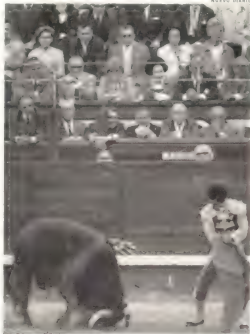
was busier than ever. With 20 million foreign tourists a year and television beaming *corridos* to as many as 15 million more people (instead of the mere 23,663 that can shoehorn into the Plaza Monumental), the bullfights have become a \$25 million-a-year jackpot. In order to get a share of the pot, everyone concentrated on providing more fights. But a consumer society, like a matador's sword, is double-edged. More fights meant poorer fights. Aficionados hooted at the new bulls as so many genuflecting mules, praying calves or *Hermanas de la Caridad* (Sisters of Charity).

Catering to Ignorance. How could there be enough good bulls to go around?

Spain now has 312 bullrings, some in areas like the Costa Brava and Costa del Sol, which were never part of the sport until tourists appeared. Last year 3,660 bulls were sold to *corridos* at prices of up to \$1,000. To satisfy this demand, breeders fattened bulls in pens on fishmeal and soybean extract instead of allowing leisurely grazing. This process builds fat, not muscle, and animals so topheavy that they stumble and fall before they are weakened with *picas* and *banderillas* and finally sword-slain in those moments of truth that are these days less true. Some bulls have even been sent out under the legal fighting age of four years. Last week, by government decree, breeders began to record every birth in an official register meant to end this practice.

The *apoderados*, or impresarios, led by Plaza Monumental's Lívino Stuyck, scarcely care. "Cheap cigar smoke has been replaced by the scent of perfume," complains one critic. Women drawn by television occupy more and more *corrida* seats; so do camera-lugging tourists. Neither group complains about increases in ticket prices of as much as 80%. Neither knows the difference between the "comfortable" Galache breed of bulls they see and the brave but seldom-seen breeds like Pablo Romero, Tulio Vázquez and the legendary Miuras, who have killed seven matadors in modern times, including Manolete.

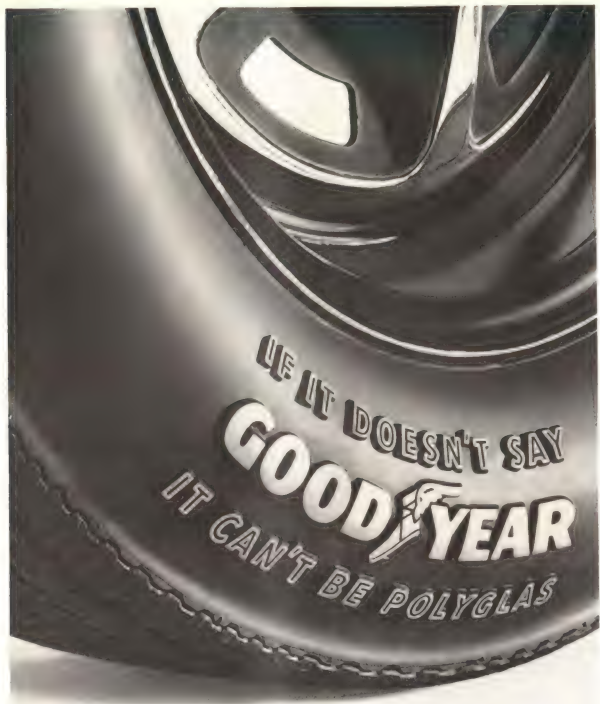
Time for Re-evaluation. Under such circumstances, the matadors have lost their pride, and their skills have grown dull. A few, like Linares before his banishment, may still be offered \$7,000 for one fight. Most of Spain's 193 active matadors, however, have grumblingly accepted 25% fee cuts in return for comfortable bulls and a guaranteed minimum number of appearances. At the same time, they have reduced the ritual you loved so much to a modicum of spas-



STUMBLING BULL AT SAN ISIDRO
Little truth to today's moments.

by breeding his own bulls and using an agent to arrange appearances at the then prime price of \$3,300 an afternoon. The bull was no longer the central figure of the confrontation; the cult of the matador had been born. Once, such disputations raged in the comfortable surroundings of a packed arena. Crowds this year have been skimpy everywhere since the season opened in Castellón de la Plana. They have been rebellious too. In Seville, the civil governor canceled a *corrida* because the bulls demonstrated "a shameful lack of liveliness."

The inevitable, you see, Papa, has finally overtaken the *fiesta nacional*. You and Sidney Franklin and the other gringos were always so mesmerized by the mystique of blood and sand that you ignored what Spaniards understood: above all else, bullfighting is box office. For a time in Spain's new and vigorous consumer society, the box office



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fiberglass cord belt. Together, they hold the wide tread firm, so it squirms less, wears less. And only Goodyear makes the Polyglas tire.

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modic passes. The capes that once came alive in flashing *verónicas* across the sunlight are seldom used today.

It has become so bad that even the tourists and the women have begun to catch on. Alarmed by the falling attendance, Minister of Tourism Manuel Fraga Iribarne is calling for "a re-evaluation to retrieve bullfighting from crisis." Without some drastic changes soon, Spain's most famous spectacle may eventually disappear. You said as much yourself 37 years ago, Papa: "There are two things that are necessary for a country to love bullfights. One is that the bulls must be raised in that country and the other that the people must have an interest in death." You never foresaw a new and prospering Spain that would be more interested in life.



EXAMINING ROSE-COLORED LIQUID

How about a cheery glass of tar acid, ammonia, glycerin and sludge?

ITALY

Wine into Water

For months the *carabinieri* had been keeping an eagle eye on a padlocked wine cellar in the Adriatic seaport of Porto d'Ascoli. In it were 3,400,000 quarts of red wine stored in vats sealed by the police. The wine, an adulterated brew made of such confections as tar acid, ammonia, glycerin, citric acid, a sludge taken from the bottom of banana boats, and, of course, alcohol, was Exhibit A in a continuing case against 260 defendants charged with selling the grapeless *vino* throughout Italy. Oddly enough, those who sampled the stuff swore it tasted exactly like ordinary red table wine.

On a periodic checkup of the wine cellar, one *carabiniere* became suspicious of the pale rose color of the liquid. Investigation revealed that the Biblical miracle of Cana had been reversed—the wine had somehow turned to water. The police were chagrined—and utterly perplexed. How had so vast a quantity

of wine been removed from the cellar?

After a search ranging from the River Po to the Bay of Naples, the *carabinieri* found their culprit right at home in Porto d'Ascoli. He was Fabbio Lanciotti, owner of a large winery and one of the defendants in the wine trial. Lanciotti had been able to make off with Exhibit A against him because the police had had the lack of foresight to store the impounded wine in Lanciotti's own wine cellar (the biggest in town). While free on bail, Lanciotti had been given permission to go on producing wine and had quietly siphoned off the sealed vats, using the gas-escape holes, and piped the stuff into adjoining empty vats. What's more, he had bottled and sold it all for a rumored \$240,000.

When jailed, Lanciotti reportedly ad-



LANCIOTTI

mitted everything, even that he had destroyed the \$240,000 when he panicked as police closed in, though few believed the story. The *carabinieri* rounded up ten new defendants, six of them for selling the Lanciotti wine to shops and restaurants.

PERU

Fish and Oil

The already unhappy relations between the U.S. and Peru took another turn for the worse last week. The latest trouble was caused by the seizure of an American fishing boat. The boat—the fourth U.S. tuna clipper taken captive this year—was fined for having violated the 200-mile limit claimed for Peru's territorial waters (the U.S. recognizes only a 12-mile limit for fishing rights). In some exasperation, Administration officials in Washington leaked the news that the U.S. was suspending arms sales to Peru.

Actually, the sales had been suspended last February with the seizure of the

first U.S. boat. Peru's Dictator General Juan Velasco Alvarado was informed privately that the Pelly amendment to the Foreign Military Sales Act of 1968 left Washington no alternative. For some reason, Velasco had neglected to inform his countrymen, and last week's disclosure from Washington brought a rush of questions in Lima. Velasco held a twelve-hour huddle with his Cabinet and produced a six point communiqué. If the ban on shipments is officially confirmed, it read, then the U.S. military missions currently in Peru might as well go home. It also charged that the ban violated the terms of the bilateral military aid pact existing between the U.S. and Peru as part of the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance. As an afterthought, the communiqué added that the visit to Peru by Nelson Rockefeller, scheduled for this week, was now "inopportune."

The fishing-boat row distracted attention from the more serious dispute between the U.S. and Peru—the seven-month wrangle over oil. Just six days after overthrowing the government last October, Velasco and his junta confiscated most of the available assets of the International Petroleum Co., a subsidiary of Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey). This should have brought into force the Hickenlooper amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act, which would cancel all aid funds, but Washington held off because the matter was still in litigation, with I.P.C. backed on principle by the State Department, demanding just compensation. The Peruvians maintain that they will pay such compensation once they collect the far larger amount that they claim is owed by I.P.C. for "illegal" extraction of oil.

Hopeful Glimpses. Velasco may well have found foreign embroilments a relief from domestic affairs. After overthrowing the Fernando Belaúnde Terry government last year, the junta found the treasury drained by Belaúnde's free-handed spending and borrowing. Currently, construction is down 40% from 18 months ago, and sales of dry goods, medicines, cars and appliances have dropped 25%. Unemployment has risen to 10% of the working force. Velasco has resorted to ruling by decree, and hopes to lure investment through a policy of incentives and the easing of bank credit rates.

Velasco continued to breathe fire. The U.S. "has us by the throat," he told an interviewer. "Let the Americans occupy us if they want to. Let them send the Marines as they did in Santo Domingo. We will defend ourselves with rocks, if necessary." Such oratory seldom fails in Latin America, and the newspaper *El Comercio* praised Velasco for defying the "force and pressure of the State Department," as did Peru's Landázuri Cardinal Ricketts. By shrewdly turning the arms ban into an issue of patriotism and emotion, Velasco continued to draw on the ready supply of anti-Americanism in Latin America to win support for himself and his junta.

PEOPLE



PRINCESS ANNE WITH CHILDREN
Out of the jelly-bean jag.

Now that she is a winsome lass of 18, **Princess Anne's** jelly-bean days are long past. But she graciously munched them with all the old enthusiasm during her visit to a Church of Scotland children's home. Her gesture was part of the royal family's official visit to Scotland, in which Queen Elizabeth II became the first reigning British monarch to attend the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland since 1603. The trip was a success, even though Prince Philip managed to raise a highland hackle or two. Speaking at the University of Edinburgh, the Prince grew annoyed at some steady heckling. When a bumptious student challenged him on one point, Philip finally blew up and snapped: "Shut up and grow up!"

"I'm hoping to get lots of grass-roots support," said the candidate. "My wife and I are going to fly to Sacramento together." With a string of such *double-entendres*, Dr. Timothy Leary spoke in Berkeley of his plans to run for Governor of California. He was even more euphoric than usual—with good reason. The U.S. Supreme Court had just ruled unconstitutional the federal marijuana statutes that led to his arrest in 1965 and eventually to his conviction and a 30-year jail sentence. Although the court noted that it had not ruled out any state laws regulating the use of marijuana, Leary claimed no worries about the future. "People ask me if I am serious," he said. "I tell them, 'No, I am not serious, but I am going to win.'"

Rumors have been making the rounds for months that all was not tranquil in the Cape Town, South Africa, home of Dr. Christian Barnard. Since he performed the world's first human-heart transplant operation, the doctor has become a globe-hopping celebrity, gadding about in the company of such inter-

national beauties as Princess Grace and Gina Lollobrigida. His wife Louwtjie did not hide her annoyance. "I've got a home to run," she said at one point, "whether we are famous or not." But Barnard continued to romp, and Louwtjie sued for divorce last week after 21 years of marriage. There was one bright spot in the doctor's week, though: his longest-surviving heart-transplant recipient, Dr. Philip Blaiberg, was pronounced hale and released from Cape Town's Groote Schuur Hospital after a seven-day recuperation from "complete exhaustion," and went home to celebrate his 60th birthday with his family.

Joie de vivre was the order of the evening as Sargent Shriver, U.S. Ambassador to France, was inducted into the *Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin*, an elite French society of dedicated gastronomes and winebibbers. Exquisite hors d'oeuvres, sumptuous platters of meat and fowl, and splendid wines filled the tables in the vaulted cellars of Nuits-St.-Georges' Château du Clos de Vougeot as the ambassador received the order of *Grand Officier*. Sargent swore an oath to "uphold and propagate French wines," and though his acceptance speech was delivered in French, it was laced with Americana. "We are not—as one of your *chansonniers* suggested—sending our men to the moon to set up more golf courses, but to plant vineyards and become the first winegrowing power in the cosmos."

In a rare philosophical moment, Errol Flynn once observed, "Any man who dies with more than \$10,000 to his name is a failure." Hollywood's swashbuckling monument to impetuosity has been dead for ten years, but Daughter Deirdre Flynn, 24, seems to be upholding the family name. Finding

herself all but broke, Deirdre hired out as a stunt girl (at \$29.15 a day) in two forthcoming movies, *The Reivers* and *Hail, Hero*. In between films, the 5-ft., 94-in. brunette zooms around off the set on her motorcycle. "Cycling gives you such enormous freedom," she says. And stunting? "It's interesting, exciting . . . I just like it."

That ardent baseball fan, Tiny Tim, has a new hang-up these days—hockey. After taking in a few games, Tim appeared on a local ABC-TV show, *Chicago*, with Black Hawk Stars Eric Nestorenko and Stan Mikita. Tim, who now plays the sport on his hotel-room rugs, using soup cans for goals, raved over the hockey stick and jersey the players presented to him but admitted to certain reservations about the brutality of the game. "If I were commissioner of hockey," he said, "I would ban for life any player who lifted his stick in anger." His one concession: "Players could push each other—but gently."

Not long after Austrian Sculptor **Bernard Reder** evaded the Nazis and fled to the U.S. in 1943, he began work on what was to become the famous *Wounded Woman*, a powerful study of an anguished woman being soothed by several others. The work has been on exhibit around the world since 1949, but before he died in 1963, Reder requested that it be given to Denmark in appreciation of King Christian X's World War II "underground railroad" for Jewish refugees. The sculptor's dying wish was fulfilled as the work was quietly unveiled in Copenhagen's Churchill Park. Reder himself had not used the Danish escape route, but, said his widow Gusti, "To us, it seemed like a powerful miracle, a message of universal fraternity, unique in the history of the world."



DEIRDRE FLYNN ON LOCATION
Into the motorbike bag.

COURAGE AND CONFUSION IN CHOOSING A CAREER

You can't buy peace of mind with money.

—Johnson & Johnson.

Making people feel better can make you feel better.

—Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

The failure to communicate. Everybody worries about it. At Xerox, you can help do something about it.

—Xerox Corp.

SUCH new capitalist slogans might confound a Karl Marx, but U.S. business knows what it is doing. It is trying to appeal to June graduates, and the traditional come-ons no longer work so well. Good money? They have enough, thank you. Special training? They have had all they want—on campus. An esteemed place in society? Many are not sure, or so they say, that they want to belong to this society.

Graduates can afford to be choosy about careers these days. For one thing, there are so many more occupations—21,741 at the last count by the Department of Labor. Technological change has opened up occupations at an unprecedented rate. The computer industry needs a steady flow of systems analysts, programmers and operators. The burgeoning aerospace field needs specialists in aeronomy and the ionosphere, experts in lunar and planetary studies. Even social ills create new careers. All the prodigious wastes of the era demand new experts—in smog and pest control, not to mention sanitation technology. Ecologists maintain a watch on the total environment, noting how change in one area triggers change in others. Ethnologists explore ways of dampening human violence before it becomes hopelessly harnessed to all the lethal weapons available. City planners try to bring some order out of the urban sprawl. The research institutes, or think tanks, recruit bold generalists or “futurists” to plot scenarios of the problems ahead. Modern society has produced all sorts of middleman and service jobs—public relations men, travel agents, pollsters and political-campaign experts, to cite a few. At another level federally financed antipoverty work has become a bona fide career for many people. And that, in turn, has helped to create specialists in the art of securing federal funds out of the confusing welter of available programs.

Rejection of Individualism

Despite the opportunities, however, today's graduates are surprisingly reluctant to seize them. Six years ago, an estimated 30% of the students at Northwestern University were undecided on a career. This year a survey showed that the undecideds amounted to 54%. A Harvard senior expressed the prevailing mood: “If I’m alive and out of jail when I’m 30, we’ll see what happens.” Even if he manages to come to a decision then, the chances are that he will not stay put. It is estimated that more than half the present June graduates will switch jobs at least once in the first five years out of college, a mobility without precedent in the U.S.

One reason for this phenomenon is the fact that today's collegians are more concerned with life-styles than with life work. Many of those whom *FORTUNE* recently called “forerunners” (perhaps 40% of all students) have apparently soured on individualism. They put their trust in “community,” the keenly emotional solidarity of the young—in song, dress and politics—against the alleged hostility of those in the outside world, especially older people.

The student who owes his primary allegiance to a com-

munity of equals is unlikely to be racked with ambition to climb the hierarchy of some established institution. On the contrary, the institution may have been compromised in his eyes. He does not feel so strongly the compulsion to outdo Daddy or the Joneses; he may pay them the supreme insult of ignoring their way of life altogether. Psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton speaks of a new kind of “Protean Man” who has been cut adrift from the traditions and expectations of the past. Without moorings, he moves from one activity or ideology to the next in the hope of ultimately finding himself. In a way, today's restless student fits that description.

Then what does he do with his life? What will be his career? He expresses an ardent desire to fulfill himself by helping others. The careers he favors at the moment are social work, psychology, city planning. Poverty work is increasingly popular. VISTA, for example, is swamped with applicants, including 856 graduating law students, or about 5% of the total number finishing law school this spring. Despite all the major objections to U.S. policy in Viet Nam, applications to the Foreign Service continue to rise and those to the Peace Corps remain steady. A desire to avoid the draft figures in the decision of many students to go into teaching; the New York City school system received 17,199 more applications last year than the year before. Nevertheless, many putative draft dodgers find a true vocation in helping slum children learn.

Anti-Business Ethic

This picture can be misleading; while significant, it still involves only a minority. The yearning for “meaningful” careers (in the current cliché) is largely confined to the upper-middle-class white students. The majority of students remain reasonably content with traditional careers. In general, the children of blue-collar workers and Negro students strive to attain the very jobs that many privileged whites disdain. Most students have no special quarrel with the profit motive, and an estimated 30% of all graduates go into business. As a senior at Columbia University puts it: “I think it's great that all the academic virtuosos are turning up their noses at the good business jobs. Let the brains starve in South America while I make \$20,000 a year.”

It is the virtuosos, though, whom business and law firms are most eager to recruit. They go to unprecedented lengths to court prospects, flying them to the home office, spelling out working conditions in alluring detail. Even if they are due to be drafted or are members of ROTC with a two-year service commitment, they are offered jobs. Sought-after students are in the habit of saying not “I was interviewed” but “I interviewed”—and indeed they did. They can command salaries of \$10,000 in the big corporations, \$15,000 with Wall Street law firms.

Even that may not be enough to hold them. It took a recent U.C.L.A. graduate only a year to chuck his well-paying job with the typewriter-sales division of IBM. “What really got me,” he says, “was one morning when I woke up and started getting dressed. I opened my dresser drawer and realized that I had 16 pairs of charcoal gray socks and no others.” This premature disillusionment is symptomatic of the times. After all, the man in the gray flannel suit, symbol of the homogenized organization man a decade ago, did not get discouraged with big business until middle age.

The new attitudes are often based on myth and illusion. One campus recruiter, Vern Tyerman of Pacific Telephone, complains: "The liberal arts student's concept of business is often a turn-of-the-century view: sweatshops, whips, managers with dollar signs on their eyeballs." The truth is that in the era of the knowledge explosion, every business worth its profit needs independent-minded, innovative youth. Everything that works in a social sense takes organization—even serving others on any sort of systematic basis.

Freedom of Affluence

Both the choosiness about careers and the students' idealistic bent are made possible by one common factor: prosperity. Students are the pampered product of the affluent society, the apple of its eye, if sometimes the sty. The prodigal riches of the U.S. economy unblemished by a recession since 1961 undergird their humanitarian ventures. No one has to starve to be useful these days. Foundations offer grants for all kinds of social projects. Certain antipoverty jobs pay as much as \$10,500 a year. If a law school graduate wants to spend a year working for VISTA, some firms will give him a second-year salary when he gets out. One of the fastest ways to boost a salary is to switch from business to government and then back again.

Along with affluence, another reason for the new attitude toward careers lies in the forced-draft nature of U.S. education and the widespread rebellion against it. Over the years, ever-growing emphasis had been placed on specialization to prepare students for professions. This was given dramatic impetus when the Russians launched Sputnik in 1957 and the U.S. sharply intensified technical education. Students were subjected to a new competitive scrutiny. What Sociologist Daniel Bell calls the "organizational harness" was slipped on them as soon as it seemed to fit. More advanced college-placement courses were set up in high schools; professional graduate studies encroached on the undergraduate curriculum. After a while, many pressured students, including some of the brightest, cried enough. Where, they wanted to know, was all the specialized education taking them? They began to oppose a "credentials" society in which individuals are largely judged according to test scores and degrees.

Institutional Idiosyncrasy

Their emotional reaction reflected a measure of reality. A second look at specialization has suggested that the generalist is not obsolete after all. Technical knowledge becomes outmoded at a breathtaking rate. It has been estimated that one-half of what an engineer studies in college will be superseded ten years after he graduates. Thus it is more plausible to provide a student with broad concepts into which he can fit the necessary details later. Robert Hutchins, for one, has proposed that the college years be devoted exclusively to a liberal education: career skills can be acquired on the job. In effect, many big corporations already maintain impressive educational systems to provide such training.

Ultimately, business and the professions may have to make even greater adjustments to accommodate the new breed of graduates. Many big corporations now use their

annual reports to stress their good works as well as their profits. Some top-ranking Manhattan law firms cooperate in programs that allow younger associates to work one night a week in the ghettos and do follow-up work during the day; Baltimore's Piper & Marbury plans to open an office in the ghetto next fall. Idiosyncrasy is no longer suspect. In some areas the man in the turtle-neck is beginning to replace the man in the gray flannel suit. Says Michigan Law Review Editor James Martin: "The firms want to make sure that you meet their guys with mustaches and sideburns. They boast about hiring a Negro—or a woman." The universities will probably have to re-emphasize their original function of teaching and reduce the stress on research. Some of the links that have been established with outside business and government may have to be severed. The behavioral-science departments, which have absorbed much of the liberal arts curriculum, might well concentrate more on the moral center of man rather than his peripheral reactions to assorted social stimuli. Even the armed forces are under pressure to change in order to accommodate the new career notions. Enlisted men may never elect their officers, as some rebels propose, but they are quite likely to enjoy expanded rights and a larger measure of legal protection.

Often, students simply do not know much about the careers they choose or discuss. Their prolonged education may give them a distorted view of post-campus life: unrealistic ideas tend to flourish in isolation from society. To help overcome this, an attempt is being made to bring the outside world into the world of studies, to expose a student to a career without harnessing him to it. Already 136 colleges and universities

have instituted work-studies programs that provide undergraduates with a taste of a career ahead of time. But if society is adjusting itself to new ideas about what constitutes a satisfactory life's work, the young, too, will have to make adjustments to certain realities. Their desire for variety is certainly not objectionable—unless it becomes an evasion of choice and of concentration. Protean Man can be self-indulgent. Patience and a command of technique (and of oneself) remain indispensable, particularly to anyone who wishes to reform society. The desire for service is admirable—except when it bespeaks an ill-founded sense of moral superiority and a condescension toward the world at large. It must be realized that "service" can take many forms, even in those professions that are not certified as idealistic.

Fortunately, there is little sense of fatality about a career these days. It is not a life sentence without a reprieve; sentences to labor without love are more easily commuted. Nor do those embarked on careers have to feel that they have left all their education behind them. In mounting numbers, people are returning to college at various points in their lives to acquire new skills or review ancient wisdom. The American promise that any man may be what he chooses is closer to reality than ever before. To choose becomes more arduous when so many prospects are open. But to accomplish anything takes the courage to make a choice—and even to stick with it a little longer than sometimes seems "meaningful."

DRAWING BY WHITNEY GARDNER FOR
THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.



"ON THE OTHER HAND, APPALACHIAN CHEMICAL IS WILLING TO GIVE YOU THE TWO-YEAR TRAINING PROGRAM AND HAVE YOUR TEETH STRAIGHTENED."

EDUCATION

COLLEGES

Boys and Girls Together

Of all the protests at Columbia University this spring, the gentlest was the three-day "sleep-in" at two men's dormitories staged by more than 100 girls from Barnard College. The girls asked that the two adjacent schools extend the concept of coeducation to include sexually integrated dormitories. Like the gentlemen they sometimes are, Columbia males had gallantly vacated a number of rooms to make the sleep-in not only possible but, so to speak, proper as well. Since an overwhelming majority of students at Barnard and Columbia are on record as in favor of the idea, the schools are now planning to experiment with at least one coeducational dormitory unit next fall.

Shocking? Not really. Coed dorms are still something of a novelty in the East, but on scores of campuses elsewhere in the U.S., young men and women have been sharing dormitories for several years. "It is a fair assumption that coed living really is the trend of the future," says John Houseley, director of Pomona College's Oldenborg Hall, a mixed residence that was started three years ago. At U.C.L.A. the future has already arrived: there is only one single-sex dormitory left—and even it will soon be converted into a coed dorm for graduate students.

Incest Taboo. Naturally, there are restraints on the amount of mixing allowed. The sexes are usually segregated in separate wings or on separate floors with common lounges in between. Most schools allow at least a measure of visiting in rooms, but the parietal rules vary widely. In the only coed dorm at the University of Texas, for example, men are allowed to entertain women in their rooms only on weekends. An alarm system is set on the staircases leading to the women's floors; it has been silent all year. Among the most liberal is Stanford, where men and women in one coed dorm live in adjacent rooms (but use different bathrooms) and visiting hours exist in theory only.

Such mixing of the sexes is evidence that colleges are more than willing to stop playing the role of puritanical surrogates. At Antioch College in Ohio, where all but three dorms are coed, Associate Dean Jean Janis explains why: "The more responsibility you give students, the more they are able to assume." The trend disturbs some parents, especially those with daughters. Yet most school officials maintain that coeducational living does not lead to increased sexual activity. According to Stanford psychologist Joseph Katz, an incest taboo develops in coed dorms as a result of a brother-sister relationship between the residents.

Be that as it may, most students who live in such dorms talk more about the social advantages of coed living than

about sexual liberty. "The difference is in the atmosphere," says Doretha Freasier, a sophomore at the University of Chicago who lives in coed Woodward Court. "The mere fact that you can talk to a guy any time you want to means you're going to be better adjusted socially." Adds Stanford Senior Pat McMahon: "I think it encourages a more holistic relationship. It is very important that men and women see each other as more than bodies."

The mixed residential plan seems to eliminate more distractions than it causes. "My associates tell me that a good deal of serious studying gets done," says Fred McElhenie, assistant dean of students at the University of Kansas.

CHARLES D. REA



COED DORM AT U.C.L.A.

End to the parental surrogates.

One of his students, Sophomore Keith Jorgensen, suggests a reason: "There is less noise with girls around since you don't want to make yourself look like a fool in front of females."

Final Freedom. Behavior benefits all around. "People generally are on their mettle a little more," says Dick Palmer, manager of Berkeley's co-op housing, which includes two coed dorms. "The men are a little more gentlemanly and the women a little more womanly." Asks Stanford Junior Craig Wilson: "When was the last time you heard of a panty raid in a coed dorm?"

At many campuses where coed living is accepted, students are pressing for one final freedom: the right to visit rooms with no restrictions. Peter Wilson, 25, a U.C.L.A. residence adviser at coed Earle Hedrick Hall, insists that they want open visitation rights, "not because they want to see girls 24 hours a day but because they want to be trusted to use their own judgment." But at San Diego State College, the men and

women who share Zura Hall voted against any visiting in rooms. "It was not as much a question of morality as it was one of inconvenience," says John Yarborough, the college's director of housing. "If Willie likes to sleep late on Sundays, he doesn't like the idea of having to get up and dress to be presentable when his roommate's girl drops by." Aw, come on, Willie.

INTEGRATION

The Dream Is Over

Because they regard the city as an ideal mirror of U.S. tastes, dozens of companies use Denver to test-market new products. If the same holds true of racial attitudes, then a key election in Denver last week suggests that Americans oppose school integration (at least via bussing) by 24 to one.

The vast majority of Denver's elementary schools are *de facto* segregated. Almost two-thirds of the white pupils attend schools that are more than 85% white; in predominantly black schools, the pupils are rapidly falling behind in their studies. Goaded by the murder of Martin Luther King last year, the Denver school board sought a drastic remedy: make each Denver school reflect the overall ethnic composition of the city's 96,000 pupils—65% white, 20% Mexican-American and 15% Negro.

By a vote of 5 to 2, the board approved a bussing plan, due to start next fall, that would have sent more than 500 whites to predominantly black schools and guaranteed that no minority-area school would be less than 70% white. The plan was less than satisfactory to the Rev. Jesse R. Wagner, co-chairman of a black-white group called Citizens for One Community that wanted fuller integration. Still, he worked hard for the bussing scheme—in contrast to Denver's black separatists, who told Wagner, in effect: "Do your thing and you'll see."

What he and other Negro integrationists saw was a strong backlash by anti-bussing whites. Last week the whites got a chance to express their feelings when a record 50% of Denver's registered voters turned out for the school-board election. At issue were two six-year seats on the seven-member board. In seeking those seats, Lawyer James C. Perrill and Frank K. Southworth, a real estate man, ran primarily "against forced bussing and for neighborhood schools." They won by a landslide, switching the board majority to 4 to 3 against integration.

In Negro precincts, the pro-integration vote ran as high as 10 to 1; the heaviest vote against it came from white precincts that were totally unaffected by bussing now but fearful of it in the future. As a result, bussing is highly unlikely in Denver. Said Jesse Wagner: "The dream is over. The white majority is not willing to take on the commitment and make our country one." Unfortunately, Denver's whites have also strengthened the city's black separatists.

When it's 6:04 a.m. in New York,



it's 12:04 p.m. in London,



it's 7:04 p.m. in Hong Kong,



it's 1:04 a.m. in Honolulu,



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BETHLEHEM'S CAMPAIGN FOR

Bethlehem is attacking pollution problems in three ways. (1) We are installing pollution-control equipment on our existing facilities. (2) We are equipping all new facilities with control systems that equal or exceed government regulations. (3) For years we have been actively engaged in research on those steelmaking processes where the control of pollution needs to be developed or improved.

In less than 20 years, Bethlehem has spent about \$1.39 million to combat both air and water pollution in our steel plants, mines, and other facilities. And we have authorized an additional \$40 million to complete a number of projects.

More remains to be done. We are concerned, just as you are, that pollution problems be solved. We want to be a good neighbor wherever we have operations.



FISH THRIVE IN WASTE WATER discharged from the water treatment facilities at our Burns Harbor, Indiana, steel plant. Just how the fish go into the holding basin shown in the background, we are not sure. The water they live in, purified after plant use, is returned to Lake Michigan.

SOME TYPICAL PROJECTS TO SOLVE AIR AND WATER POLLUTION PROBLEMS AND TO IMPROVE ENVIRONMENTS

Every week the "baghouse" at our Los Angeles steel plant collects 120 tons of dust that was once released into the air.

New water purification facilities at our coal mines near Johnstown, Pennsylvania, now treat 500,000 gallons of acid mine water per day.

At our Sparrows Point steel plant, near Baltimore, scrubbers and other air pollution control equipment recover more than 99 per cent of the fine fume particles from the basic oxygen steelmaking furnaces.

The current \$25-30 million program for air and water pollution control facilities will be virtually completed this year at our Lackawanna steel plant near Buffalo, New York. One project, for example, will remove settleable solids from plant water before it is returned to Lake Erie. Another project will improve dust collection at the basic oxygen furnaces.

Bethlehem foresters plant locust seedlings and forsythia on steep, erosion-prone banks at our Millard limestone quarry at Annville, Pennsylvania.

Grass and tree planting programs are also carried out at our mines in West Virginia, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania to stabilize and beautify coal-refuse piles. One example: 60,000 pine seedlings have been set out in fields surrounding our Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, mine.

Acid-laden water at our Marianna coal mine is now purified by neutralization before being returned to streams in Washington County, Pennsylvania.

Basic oxygen steelmaking facilities installed at our Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, steel plant in 1968 are equipped with the latest control devices to hold down emission of fine fume particles from the furnaces to less than one per cent.

The foregoing examples cover only a part of Bethlehem's pollution control efforts. But they do indicate the variety as well as the scope of the problems. Similar examples can of course be cited for other Bethlehem plants and operations.



BETHLEHEM STEEL

CLEAN AIR AND CLEAN WATER



OVER 2,000,000 SEEDLING TREES have been planted in the past ten years by Bethlehem foresters as one phase of our program to beautify and reclaim waste areas near our plants and mines. This once barren and useless land near our Lebanon, Pennsylvania, ore concentrating plant now thrives with jack pines and spruce. And, six years after plantings began, it now shares with wildlife.



IT'S WHAT YOU DON'T SEE that's important here. Dust and fine fume particles collected by the new precipitators at the sintering operation of our Johnstown, Pennsylvania, steel plant are loaded into covered hopper cars instead of being discharged into the air. In an average month we fill more than 50 cars with 45 tons of dust each.

THE FACTS BEHIND THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE: WHILE GENERAL CARDIGAN WAS DECIDING IF HE SHOULD ATTACK...



RELIGION

CLERGY

Honest to God—

Or Faithful to the Pentagon?

In another, more innocent day, God and country seemed to be solid and comfortable partners. To most of the nation, the second World War was a just cause, and when a chaplain at Pearl Harbor urged a Navy gun crew to "praise the Lord and pass the ammunition," it seemed appropriate that the slogan be turned into a popular song. But Viet Nam is a different kind of war, and clerical critics—including a few ex-chaplains—are beginning to question whether a minister in uniform can really be honest to God while remaining faithful to the Pentagon. This month several civilian clergymen from San Francisco—after an inspection tour of the stockade at the Presidio—bluntly suggested that military chaplains may have outlived their usefulness.

The ministers, members of the San Francisco Conference on Religion and Peace, focused on the failure of Presidio chaplains to concern themselves with stockade conditions, which led to the recent alleged mutiny there (TIME, Feb. 21). According to Rabbi Joseph B. Glaser, co-chairman of the conference, one Presidio chaplain told him that "it is not my job to see if a military man has been dealt justice." At this point, said Glaser, he decided that chaplains "do not have freedom of movement, and they do not even have freedom of conscience." Glaser's proposal: abolish military clergy altogether.

Spiritual Prostitution. Another anti-war critic, Lutheran Pastor Richard John Neuhaus of New York City, charges that clerics in military service expose themselves to "spiritual prostitution." In his view, there is an irresolvable contradiction between Christianity's gospel of peace and a minister's participation in a war that a growing number of Americans regard as wasteful or immoral. In trying to resolve the contradiction, Neuhaus says, many chaplains simply arrange their values along military lines, like good soldiers. He would prefer to see military chaplains replaced by civilian clergy accredited to the armed forces like Red Cross personnel.

What bothers many critics of the chaplaincy is that a minister serving the armed forces is forced to compromise his right to be a religious prophet, to speak out against the sins of the times, including morally questionable wars. Army Field Manual 16-5 makes it clear that the Army sees the chaplain's role as a military support mission: to "supplement and reinforce the total instruction of the troops in the Code of Conduct by his spiritual and moral leadership and his personal presence during combat and combat training." And as an officer, the chaplain is legally obliged to defend national policy.

Military chaplains themselves answer



CHAPLAIN AUTRY
Answers from the field.

that in practice they are freer than many civilian ministers, who must often answer to hostile congregations if they take a radical stand on a matter of theology or politics. Navy Chaplain John A. Rohr argues that in a world where peace is still unattainable the fact of war's existence "must be borne even as we strive to abolish it." Christianity, he says, needs both kinds of ministers—the civilian picketing for peace and the chaplain serving "those brave young men who bear so disproportionate a burden of the sins of the world."

The majority of chaplains serving in Viet Nam, however, are convinced of the justice of the American cause, and a few have gone out of their way to support it in a somewhat untraditional man-



PRIEST SAYING MASS IN VIET NAM
Facts to be borne.

ner. One chaplain, for instance, likes to take a turn firing M-60 machine guns from Huey helicopters. Another wears a shoulder holster and a .45 even when in Saigon. A third, with more honesty than relish, admits that "I could kill a man in a second. After you see how vicious the V.C. can be, it's hard to separate yourself from it." Some genuinely heroic acts, on the other hand, are forced simply by the nature of the war. The Rev. Jerry Autry, 28, a Baptist chaplain from Princeton, S.C., once landed near a Viet Cong village with a platoon of green soldiers commanded by an equally green lieutenant. When they froze, Autry rallied them and led the charge. Autry carries a weapon only because he has to. Like many chaplains who go on patrols or fly on combat sorties with airborne troops, he has discovered that his unarmed presence can make the men jittery.

Most chaplains, of course, are far more appalled at the cruelties of the war than fascinated by its glory—yet few have asked for release from service. One potential dropout, Army Captain Philip Secker, recently returned to his unit after a week-long retreat in Tokyo, and explained why. The war, he was convinced, was still "unwise"—but not evil enough to keep him away from his men.

ANGLICANS

The Bishop's Ghosts

Even by the unfettered standards of Britain's Anglican hierarchy, the Bishop of Southwark is known as a bold and outspoken churchman. In addition to sponsoring a host of adventurous urban missions, the Rt. Rev. Mervyn Stockwood has over the years defended homosexuals, denounced Anglican policy on divorce as cowardly, told ribald stories in public and revealed the drinking habits of his fellow clerics in a book called *The Compleat Imbiber*.

None of the bishop's statements has raised more eyebrows than two articles in the *Times* of London this month in which he not only avows his belief in psychic phenomena but insists that he has on at least five occasions communicated with the dead. In one instance, he told reporters, "an elderly, sad-looking woman" actually manifested herself at the foot of his bed. A spiritualist subsequently corroborated the presence of the ghost and was able to pinpoint her precise path through the neo-Georgian mansion. "This is where you hear the apparition," the medium told the bishop outside his bedroom. "You hear it coming down the hall. It comes along, piff, here." His Siamese cat Winky apparently is also psychically sensitive. Whenever the apparition appears, says the bishop, Winky's fur stands on end.

Seances and Psi. Stockwood is not the only Anglican clergyman to dabble in telepathy, seances and other "psi" phenomena. He happens to be vice president of a group called the Churches Fellowship for Psychical and Spiritual



The Real Bermuda Trophy.

The fabled silver piece awarded to the winner in the Newport-Bermuda sailing race is a great cup. But it's empty. Losers have often consoled themselves with flasks of Bermuda Royall Lyme. *Full.* No mere proud display, Royall Lyme refreshes face, body and spirit. Now available duty paid, in the shops you'd expect. Next race: 1970. Don't wait for it.

**For years we
figured the disabled
knew where to go
for help.**

We figured wrong.

If you're among the millions of disabled people who don't know where to go for help, write: Help, Box 1200, Washington, D.C. 20013.



Studies, whose patrons include 20 bishops of the Anglican Communion. One of the fellowship's basic concerns is with what it considers a "highly agnostic" trend: the diminution of belief in the traditional Christian doctrine of life after death. Not only does such skepticism deny comfort to the kin of the dead, says the fellowship, but it raises profound questions about "what the *raison d'être* of the church can really be."

Lately the psychical enthusiasts have been asking these questions of the church itself. In a letter to last year's Lambeth Conference, the fellowship petitioned the church to reopen a 1937 inquiry into spiritualism undertaken under the auspices of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. Although the report was never officially published, it held that there were enough instances of inexplicable

DORR HAYES



STOCKWOOD & WINKY
Sufficiently inexplicable.

psychic events for Anglican clergymen to "keep in touch with groups of intelligent persons who believe in spiritualism." The fellowship also urged the addition of parapsychology to the curriculum of Anglican seminaries. In this way, the letter said, young clergymen would be able to provide more "adequate apologetic answers to the great problems of life and death."

Thus far the demands have evoked no formal response. Nor are they likely to. More traditional churchmen consider spiritualism an outright violation of the Biblical injunctions against the occult. If a Christian seeks from spiritualism what he cannot find in his own faith, warns an article in the Anglican quarterly, *Modern Churchman*, he is not "far from the sin of Lucifer—the sin of pride." Nonetheless, Stockwood claims that his pieces in the *Times* produced hundreds of letters from believers who are convinced that they too have had ghostly visitors.

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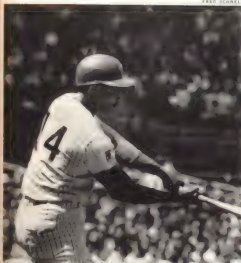
SPORT

BASEBALL

Mr. Cub

When a 163-ton abstract metal sculpture by Pablo Picasso was unveiled in the plaza of Chicago's Civic Center two years ago, one official was outraged. Describing the work as a "rusting junk heap," Alderman John Hoellen demanded in a resolution to the city council that it be dismantled. In all seriousness, he suggested replacing it with a 50-ft. statue of that modern folk hero and living symbol of a "vibrant city": Chicago Cub infielder Ernie Banks.

At the time, Chicago baseball fans



BANKS LIMBERING UP
Still suh-wooshing along.

thought that Hoellen had an excellent idea. Today, with the Cubs leading their National League division by a wide margin and already talking about their first pennant in 24 years, the fans are more convinced than ever. Banks, who has been known as "Mr. Cub" for most of his 17 seasons in Chicago, is collecting a large share of the team's extra-base hits—and passing quite a few major league milestones as well.

Two weeks ago, for instance, in a game with the San Diego Padres, Banks swung at an inside pitch and, as he likes to put it, "Swoosh! Swoosh! Suh-woosh!" It was a home run into the leftfield bleachers. With that hit, Banks became the 17th player in baseball history to drive in 1,500 or more runs. Last week Ernie belted the 480th homer of his career (he is tenth on the list of alltime home-run hitters, just ahead of Stan Musial) and a double against the Los Angeles Dodgers to take over the league lead in RBIs.

Joy Boy. By all the laws of man and nature, Mr. Cub should be hibernating somewhere, reminiscing about the two successive seasons when he was named

the league's Most Valuable Player (1958 and 1959), or the year that he set a major league record for shortstops with a .985 fielding average. He admits to being 38, but instead of slowing down, he just keeps suh-wooshing along. When Cub Manager Leo Durocher took over the ball club three years ago, he started calling Banks "old grampa" and at one point asked the baseball writers to "knock off that Mr. Cub stuff." Said Durocher: "The guy's wearing out. He can't go on forever." Now Durocher seems convinced that Banks intends to do just that. "I retired him three years in a row," marvels Leo, "but I guess he just gets tired of seeing those young kids I keep putting in his place."

No muscleman, Banks derives his deceptive power from a pair of outsize hands and wrists that allow him to whip the bat around at the last possible instant. Last season, while aging superstars like Mickey Mantle were going into slow fadeouts, Ernie knocked in 83 runs and belted 32 home runs, the most he had hit in six years. Says Durocher: "I wish I knew what kind of pills he takes. I'd like to feed them to some of my other players."

They are happy pills. When Banks, one of twelve children of a Dallas wholesale grocery handymen, jumped from the all-Negro Kansas City Monarchs to the Cubs in 1953, he was a shy, retiring man who would burst into tears when sidelined by an injury. Gradually, as he established himself as the hardest-hitting shortstop since Honus Wagner, he became the original joy boy of baseball. One minute he is crawling around on the clubhouse floor in a hilarious demonstration of what it feels like to play on a second-division team for so many years. The next, to show the comeback powers of the Cubs, he leaps up and sings out in his quavery baritone: "Chicago, Chicago, that toddlin' town..." When the national anthem is played, most players just stand there with their caps over their hearts. Not Ernie. He sings it loud enough for everyone in Wrigley Field's bleachers to hear.

Sticking Power. Banks is no nut. His locker-room exclamations that baseball is "fun, fun, fun!" and that the Cubs are "fantastic, fantaaastic!" are just his way of keeping his teammates hustling. When Chicago wins a home game, Ernie likes to rush to the telephone and, within earshot of the other players, give a pep talk to the star of whatever team is playing the Cubs' closest rival. "Hello, Willie!" he will shout in a long-distance call to Willie Mays in San Francisco. "It's Ernie Banks. I'm calling to tell you to go out there tonight and give it your all. You're a superstar! I want to see you play like a superstar!"

Though Banks is host of a popular TV sports show and co-owner of a Ford agency in Chicago (he was the first Negro to be awarded a Ford deal-

ership), he has not begun to think about retirement. He is still dreaming of his first World Series. "We've got durable players," he says hopefully. "Whenever a guy breaks down, we just stick him together with chewing gum—Wrigley's."

His own sticking power is legendary. "Nineteen years," he mused last week, recalling his graduation from the sandlots of Texas to the Kansas City Monarchs in 1950. "That's a long, long time." Catching his own cue, he began to sing out his feelings about the 1969 season: "For it's a long, long time from May to December." It is, but October isn't quite so far away—and that's World Series time.

THE DETMANN ARCHIVE



DUKE OF YORK AT PLAY (ca. 1650)
All the rackets in one.

TENNIS

King of the Court

In an idle moment 700 years ago, two French monks began batting a ball around a monastery courtyard with crude wooden paddles. This was launched a royal rage. The impromptu game, which came to be known as court tennis, spread from cloister to castle and soon ranked as the foremost sport of kings. Louis X so overextended himself chasing balls that he became ill and died shortly after a match. Henry VIII was reportedly puffing around the court when aides informed him that Anne Boleyn's beheading had been accomplished. In 1641, Louis XIII of France defeated Philip IV of Spain in a match, perhaps because Cardinal Richelieu was the referee. Benvenuto Cellini also took a whack at the game, as did the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon played, but badly.

Court tennis is still being played, and mostly by modern-day royalty. Of the 3,000 or so *aficionados* who play the

game today, most are straight out of the social register—with one notable exception. Last week the world open court-tennis championship, held in Manchester, England, pitted George ("Pete") Bostwick Jr., 34, Wall Street stockbroker, topflight amateur golfer and son of a polo player, against John Willis, 25, ex-boxer and son of a Manchester factory worker. Bostwick developed his game at New York's Racquet and Tennis Club; Willis picked up his skills as an apprentice professional while earning his keep as a custodian at the Manchester Tennis and Racquet Club.

Devilishly Complicated. In the end, it was not surprising that Blueblood Bostwick won. But it is a wonder to all concerned that the ancient game is still being played at all. The forerunner of lawn tennis, pingpong, squash and badminton, court tennis is one of the most devilishly complicated sports ever devised by man—or monk. It takes hours just to understand the rules and years of playing to master the rudiments. The court itself, a stylized version of the old monastery courtyard, costs up to \$250,000 to construct. There are only 27 courts in use today, two in France, two in Australia, seven in the U.S. and 16 in Britain, including the one built by Henry VIII at Hampton Court Palace in 1529.

The regulation court is divided into asymmetrical halves by a sagging net 5 ft. high at its ends. Using pear-shaped rackets that look like relics of turn-of-the-century lawn tennis, players bounce their serves off shedlike roofs (a throw-back to the monastery cow stalls) extending around three sides of the court. Though the scoring is almost identical to that of lawn tennis, the methods of attack are different. Points are scored by driving the cloth ball off a slanting 3-ft.-wide wall called the tambour (the monastery's flying buttress) at unreturnable angles, or by knocking it into rectangular openings called the winning gallery and the *dedans* (cloister) or a 3-ft. 1-in. square hole in the wall called the grille (butterfly hatch). A player may also score points in "the chase," which means dropping placement shots into blocked-off sections marked on the floor.

Bostwick, who likes to describe court tennis as the "chess of sports," needed every gambit he could muster in last week's match. Willis, who lost the first round of the match, 7 sets to 3, repeatedly drove threadneedle shots into the grille and dropped unplayable lobs into the corners to go ahead in the final round 5-3. Needing only one set to win, Bostwick jumped out to an early lead at the start of the final day. During a volley for match point, he drilled a hard shot at the grille. Willis managed to get his racket on the ball, but his return soared out of bounds. Game, set, match and world championship to Bostwick. After a gentlemanly handshake, the new king of the court packed his bags and left for the French Amateur Championship, where he will pursue the more simple sport of golf.

new Titleist goes farther

Through our exclusive K2A construction, we ballistically redesigned our Titleist ball to travel farther, get more distance. Then, on the 1989 Tour, hundreds of pros tested it for us. Results? The Touring Pros found that new Titleist consistently outdistanced all other balls. In fact it caused so much tour excitement that more pros than ever before immediately switched over to new Titleist. Which means, when you play new Titleist, you're going to be out there farther, you're going to get more distance. Test drive one and see. Sold thru golf course pro shops only.



ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT

Rum-and-nothing.

Leilani Rum doesn't need the somethings.

We make it in a little distillery in Hawaii, right in the middle of the finest sugar cane on earth. We make it slowly. In small batches. So Leilani tastes good on the rocks. And makes a better rum-and-nothing. So what if it costs a little more?



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THE PRESS

COLUMNIST

CENSORSHIP

Laundering the Sheets

The New York Times recently ran a movie ad for *The Libertine* showing the back of a girl, bare except for panties. The *Daily News* ran the same ad for one edition—but then sloppily sketched in a bra strap. Apparently, even the notion that the girl might be bare-chested was too much for the *News* censor.

The ad mat for *The Killing of Sister George* features the face of a woman into whose leonine hairdo is woven a nude female figure. Some papers ran the ad intact; some performed surgery on the figure's silhouetted breast. In Chicago, the *Tribune*, *Daily News* and *Sun-Times* all added lines of camouflage to comb out the hanger-on.

As loan films multiply, newspapers must endlessly ask themselves: What is an acceptable movie ad? In the absence of legal storm-fencing (obscenity is largely determined by "contemporary community standards"), there are as many qualifications for acceptability as there are papers. In movie-ad censorship, every sheet is self-laundering.

Shotguns Approved. Many papers go along with the businesslike rationale of the *Detroit Free Press*. "We're a family newspaper," says Bill O'Flaherty, the national ad manager, "and there's no point in losing our readership by giving them what they don't want." His yardstick: "When a guy my age [40] looks twice at an ad, it's time for retouch or rewrite."

The more extreme the policy, the more inconsistent the practice. The Los

Angeles *Times* occasionally refuses to run titles (such as *Succubus*, *The Toilet*) in ads for entertainment that it freely identifies in its reviews. Naveis are air-brushed out of its film ads but are front and center on its fashion pages. The *Times* okayed an ad it had rejected as too violent after shotguns replaced machine guns in illustration. "Virgin" was barred from ad copy for *Rachel, Rachel*; it was approved for *Goodbye, Columbus*. As do some other papers, the *Times* has distributed a "screening code," but, says one studio publicist, "you just never know what they'll print."

Publisher Charles Gould of the San Francisco *Examiner* says he has turned away "tens of thousands of dollars" in advertising that he found overly offensive. Still, the *Examiner* went ahead and ran the *Sister George* ad untouched. Another display ad showed a motorcycle gang from *Naked Angels* closing in on a near-nude girl. The copy read, "Mad dogs from hell! Hunting down their prey with a quarter-ton of hot steel between their legs!"

Strict constructionists agree with Russell Young of the Seattle *Times*: "People who submit amusement ads know that we have a strict code, and they know the rules." John Coughlin states his paper's policy bluntly: "You can't sell sex in the Hartford *Courant*." Loren Osborn, ad manager of the Concord (N.H.) *Monitor*, takes a different stand. "I will allow just about anything in a movie ad. If the movie might offend anyone, let's show it like it is in the ad so they can find out beforehand and not be rudely surprised once they've taken a seat in the theater."

Reverse Images

Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty was right in claiming that he faced a "vicious racist campaign" in his drive for reelection against City Councilman Thomas Bradley. The proof, quipped San Francisco *Chronicle* Columnist Arthur Hoppe, was the fact that Bradley made "a blatant appeal for the Negro vote." Though race was never mentioned, Bradley's technique was all too clear: "In every single newspaper photograph, in every single television appearance during this bitter campaign, Mr. Bradley has managed openly and brazenly to look like a Negro."

With that kind of touch, the *Chronicle's* Hoppe (pronounced Hoppy) has needed his way into the top ranks of U.S. newspaper humorists. Although a shade less consistent than the Washington *Post's* Art Buchwald, Hoppe at his best is unbeatable. His special talent is to hold a mirror to life and let the reverse image reflect the absurdity of it all. Gentle and easy-going, Hoppe, 44, disarms his prey with kindness and smothered it with laughter.

Nancy and I. Hoppe chides California for parochial pretentiousness. According to Hoppe, when the great earthquake finally comes, the rest of the nation, rather than California, will slip into the sea. That will permit "President Reagan" to express his grief: "California has always depended on the rest of the U.S. for counsel in times of peace and strength in times of war. Nancy and I join with our people in mourning this great loss to our nation."

Viet Nam is another Hoppe target. He writes that "in the 43rd year of our lightning campaign to wipe the dread Viet-Narian guerrillas out of West Vhnnng," there was movement in Paris. After sitting at the same peace table with him for ten years, the lady representative of the guerrillas finally decided to recognize the enemy representative. Her historic words: "Hi there, General Hoa Dai Don Dur." But, laments Hoppe, "as the American and East Vhnnngian negotiators cheered, waved flags and clapped each other on the back, General Hoa looked at her coolly. 'And who,' he said, 'are you?' So the war continued for 27 more years."

Half Don't. By Hoppe's count, the nation is now waging 174 wars, including those against "pollution, smog, hunger, smut, poverty, the Vietnamese and middle-aged sag"—and is developing a defeatist attitude because it is losing them all. He claims that "the doves" have even taken over the war on poverty and this means that "Mr. Nixon has clearly given up any hope of winning."

Hoppe's greatest coup has been his discovery of "the perfect solution to absolutely everything" (which is also the title of a 1968 book of his best columns). His cure-all is "total birth control—it will solve all our problems in a single generation." His motto: "Think



"LIBERTINE" AD IN "TIMES"



IN "DAILY NEWS"



IN CHICAGO PAPERS

The more extreme the policy, the more inconsistent the practice.

What good are clean ash trays when you can't get the car the ash trays come in even when you have a reservation and the reservation has been confirmed?

For a long time now, there's been so little difference between car rental companies they argued publicly about who had the cleanest ash trays. Max has changed all that.

Max is National Car's computer. He knows from minute to minute which of our cars are available.

Wherever you are, anytime of the day or night, you can call National for a reservation toll-free at 800-328-4567. And thanks to Max, we don't have to make any assumptions or blind promises like those New York outfits do.

We just ask Max what's available, Max tells us, and we can guarantee you a car on the spot.

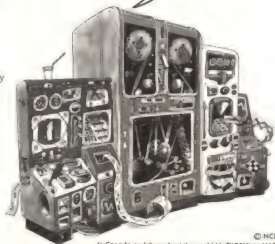
National also features GM cars, gives S&H Green Stamps, and has 1800 locations. Second only to old what's-its-name.

Now there are some differences you can sink your credit card into—any recognized credit card.



We make the customer No. 1

I GAVE UP
SMOKING
MONTHS AGO.

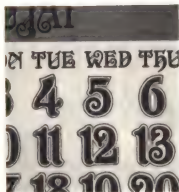


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Columbus Day.
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Christmas Day, Etc.

(With J&B Rare Scotch, the rest of everything is up to you.)
Cheers.



J&B Rare Scotch. It only costs a few cents more.




HOPPE

Climbing the needle to the top.

of the Generation Yet Unborn—Let's Keep Them That Way." The trouble now, argues Hoppe, is that "we all worry about the population explosion—but we don't worry about it at the right time." He doesn't have much faith in birth-control pills, but was intrigued by an experimental pill for males that had only one drawback: it caused men's eyeballs to turn red if they drank alcohol. "I mean, there you are, an attractive young lady. You walk into a cocktail party crowded with handsome young bachelors. Half have red eyeballs, half don't. Which . . . well, we'd soon separate the ladies from the girls."

Born in Hawaii, Hoppe grew up in San Francisco, earned a Harvard liberal arts degree in 1949, then joined the *Chronicle* as a copy boy. He has been married to his childhood sweetheart for 23 years, likes to cruise with his wife and four children on their three "yachts"—two eight-foot sailboats and a 14-footer. His column now appears in 100 newspapers, and he is embarrassed by how easily he can pick up an extra \$1,100 any time he gives a lecture. Hoppe gets his ideas for five columns a week, he says, by "reading through the paper until I come to an item that I don't understand—then I explain it to everybody. That's how David Lawrence and the rest of us columnists always work."

Hoppe may seem overly critical of society, yet he remains an optimist. As he looks ahead, he predicts that by 1976 the welfare state will have met most human needs through "medicare, denticare, judicare, menticare and pedicare." And then Actor Rock Hunter will run for the presidency by advocating "the greatest welfare program of them all." From coast to coast, Hunter will thunder: "Do you realize that two-thirds of our nation goes to bed each night ill-content, underloved and alone?" Hunter's answer: "Sexicare."



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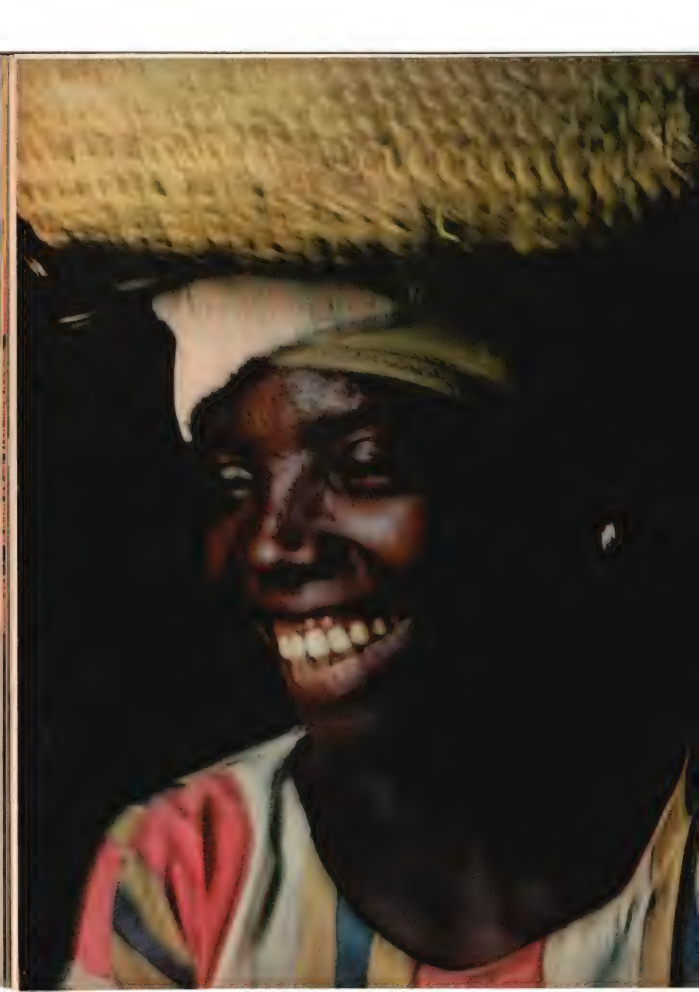
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MODERN LIVING

THE FUTURE

Airports at Sea

As Flight 452 from Paris circles New York International Airport, passengers look down to see a grid of runways six miles long floating in the open Atlantic 35 miles seaward of Sandy Hook. Wind speed at sea level is 40 m.p.h. and the swells are 6 ft. high, but inside a protective barrier of huge plastic bags the water surrounding the airport is calm. An immense pipe, dropping into the ocean from one end of the airport, is actually a pneumatic subway tube carrying passengers and freight to shore.

2001 A.D.? No, it is 1980, or sooner, as conceived by two bright New York architects, Charles Gallichio II and Jan Andrzej Dabrowski. Their dream airport is merely one of the more imaginative of a number of new proposals for airports located at sea or in other large bodies of water. There is nothing dreamy about the impetus behind the proposals. Land-based airports are already jammed with traffic, and real estate for new ones is scarce and expensive. Even when sufficient open space can be found, local citizens are sure to mount powerful objections to the noise, danger and air pollution of a major modern airport. "A properly located ocean airport," say Gallichio and Dabrowski, "needn't interfere with flight patterns of existing airports or with irreplaceable conservation and recreation areas. It costs nothing to acquire the site, and the airport has unlimited room to expand as traffic increases."

Dike Protection. Not everyone believes that such an airport would work. The skepticism, however, involves only the idea of floating; otherwise, there is little question that many jetports of the future will be water-based. This fall the FAA expects to unwrap a \$35,000 study of existing proposals for offshore airport construction, which will include airports built on fill, on piles and behind dikes. Meanwhile, a number of cities in

the U.S. and abroad have their own study projects under way.

Cleveland is seriously considering a \$1.2 billion Lake Erie jetport built on 1,050 acres of landfill and protected by breakwaters, dikes and cofferdams. Although it would lie a mile offshore, a ten-lane causeway with provision for public transit would link it with the city's center, and feeder airlines would connect with cities as far away as Toronto.

Proposals for Chicago's badly needed third jetport include a floating airport constructed of aluminum modules and reached by helibus and Hovercraft. Architect Stanley Tigerman estimates it would cost a relatively modest \$500 million. Closer to approval, however, is a \$1 billion dike-protected jetport 35 ft. to 55 ft. below the water level of Lake Michigan and connected to the Loop by six miles of causeway, tunnel and bridge. Says Chicago's Aviation Commissioner William Downes Jr.: "The main objection comes from the save-our-lakefront fraternity who don't realize that an airport six miles out wouldn't be visible from the shore except as a large shadow from high buildings."

Concrete Island. The most promising solution to New Orleans' problems is a proposed \$350 million supersonic jetport to be built above the shallow waters of Lake Pontchartrain on concrete pilings. One drawback is that its flight patterns would overlap those of the present lakefront jetport. Existing flight patterns also crowd New York planners. Engineer James J. Currey Sr. suggests rearranging them to make room for a new pile-supported jetport in the shallows behind Sandy Hook Space Planner Lawrence Lerner would create new landing space by (in effect) moving a greatly enlarged J.F.K. Airport onto a nine-mile-long concrete island five miles off Long Beach and looping existing land transportation right through it, with parking garages and rapid-transit stops near every plane-departure lounge.

Lerner estimates that more than two-thirds of the \$6 billion needed for his off-

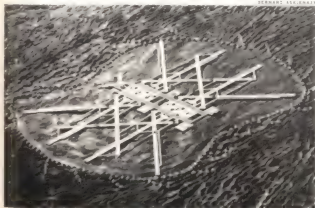
shore jetport could be raised by the sale and development of the old J.F.K. Airport on Jamaica Bay. Chicago and New Orleans may finance theirs by charging passenger-use fees similar to those collected by many European airports. Any offshore airport, however, needs site and feasibility studies before construction can begin, and the task of draining or filling the enormous areas required is herculean. The proposed Lake Erie jetport would take an estimated ten years to complete, the New Orleans jetport nine, and even Chicago's optimistic Commissioner Downes figures on a minimum of four to five years for his Lake Michigan airport. Meanwhile air transportation is rapidly strangling on its own success, and costs, unlike planes, keep going up but never come down.

ANTIQUES

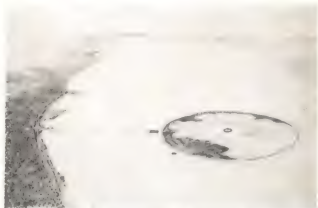
Iron Belt

It was an idle boast, but now David Renwick, 32, is anything but idle. An artsy-craftsy Englishman who set up shop near Sheffield four years ago to practice the dying art of hand-forging iron, he whimsically wrote to an American pal: "I can make anything from lamps to chastity belts." The pal promptly responded with an order for a hand-forged chastity belt from an anonymous Texan. Well, why not? Renwick found a design in a public library, forged a replica—and immediately received orders for 40 more.

Since then, Renwick has had little time to produce anything but chastity belts. Orders for his belts—decorated with a frilly flower design and diamond-shaped cutouts around the waistband—keep arriving from the U.S., France, the Low Countries and Scandinavia. A Mr. Fung of Hong Kong wanted one with a 32-inch waist. A dealer in Italy asked for 150 of them and in Kuwait, Renwick's agent reports that a few sheiks are interested in his wares. "I'd much rather make a weather vane or a fat cow than reproduce something as inherently horrid as a chastity belt," Renwick insists. But he keeps forging ahead —at \$60 a belt.



FLOATING JETPORT PROPOSED FOR NEW YORK



BEHIND LAKE MICHIGAN DIKES AT CHICAGO

Nothing dreamy about the impetus.

BEHAVIOR

ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY

Music Hath Charms . . .

Twelve hours a day for nearly two months, three groups of albino rats at a Texas Tech University laboratory were given some musical entertainment. One group of newborn rat pups was exposed to selections from Mozart—*The Magic Flute*, *Symphonies 40 and 41*, the *Violin Concerto No. 5*. A second group audited an equivalent daily dose of Arnold Schoenberg—*Pierrot Lunaire*, *Verklärte Nacht* and *Köl Nidre*, among other compositions. The third set of rats, appointed as a control, heard nothing but the whirring of a ventilation fan.

At the end of this calculated bombardment, the three colonies were granted a 15-day respite from all music. Then they entered cages which allowed them, by tripping electric circuits, to opt either for Mozart or Schoenberg—in both cases, compositions they had not heard before—or to listen to nothing but the fan. The results should be encouraging to Mozart buffs. The rats exposed to his music during their compulsory concerts overwhelmingly tuned in on him. The group indoctrinated by Schoenberg split almost evenly between him and Mozart—as did the control group, which was unfamiliar with both composers.

The purpose of this peculiar experiment, which was arranged by Psychologists Henry A. Cross Jr., Charles G. Halcomb and William W. Matter, was not to prove how terrible atonism is, but to see whether animals that seldom make much noise themselves could respond to the arranged sounds that humans know as music. Cross, who happens to prefer Mozart himself, has an explanation of why the rats agreed with his musical tastes. Schoenberg, the father of serial music, wrote works of ex-

traordinarily complex harmonies and rhythms; in behaviorist jargon, his music is dense with "information bits." Mozart used the traditional chromatic scale and a regular, readily identifiable beat. To a novice listener, and perhaps to a rat as well, Schoenberg may sound too cacophonous. Mozart might appeal to rats by the power of repetition, says Cross, as they gained an appreciative familiarity with his regular and repeated cadences.

Cross's colleague, Halcomb, who is currently bombarding the ears of a creature with a more advanced auditory system, the guinea pig, with assorted sounds, eventually hopes to apply to man what he has learned from his music-loving rats. It may be possible, he argues, that the human infant is susceptible to far more sophisticated instruction than it ordinarily gets during its first months and years. If exposure can teach a baby rat, which to some scientists is not a very reliable creature for experimentation (TIME, Feb. 21), to discriminate between Mozart and Schoenberg, who can say what marvelous stuff can be dinned, just after birth, into the infinitely more malleable human brain?

THE FAMILY

Dr. Spock of the Emotions

With irrational finality, your child insists that his soup is too salty, his homework too hard. What should a parent do? Fussy, answers Psychologist Haim Ginott. Just keep cool and soothe something sympathetic, like "Oh, it's too salty for you. I wish we had something else." And "Yes, you *do* have a lot of homework." Chances are the child will eat the soup after all and resolutely go off to study.

As a growing band of grateful parents are willing to testify, Ginott's strategy of sympathy seems to work. The secret is that it encourages parents to show respect for a child's feelings without compromising their own standards, and strikes a balance between strictness and permissiveness. Parents should draw the line between "acceptance and approval," Ginott says. "A physician does not reject a patient because he bleeds; a parent can tolerate unlikable behavior without sanctioning it."

None of this theorizing is terribly original, but thanks to a shrewd talent for translating well-known psychological principles into jargon-free "childrenew," the Israeli-born Ginott has gained a national reputation as a kind of Dr. Spock of the emotions. First published in 1965, his *Between Parent and Child* has been translated into 13 languages and has sold an estimated 1.5 million copies. Ginott is now a resident expert on the *Today* show, writes a monthly column for *McCall's* and frequently lectures around the country. A new book, *Between Parent and Teenager*, repeats the principles in Ginott's first volume almost word for word and applies them



PSYCHOLOGIST GINOTT
Try a little soo and cool.

to adolescents. It has already become a bestseller in the three weeks since it was published.

Ginott's basic point is that mature parents can easily increase their sensitivity to their children, becoming demi-psychologists who seek out the source of a child's behavior rather than concentrate on its surface expression. With a little common sense, he insists, children of any age can be intelligently decoded. When they refuse to cooperate with a mother getting ready for the evening, she should be alert for more than ordinary balkiness and attempt to sympathize with whatever is bothering them. One kindly mother in that situation, Ginott reports, calmed her kids by saying: "I bet you all wish you could come to the theater with Daddy and me"—even though the line might seem capable of provoking some teenagers into paroxysms of fury.

Ginott also urges parents to realize how easily their children read many levels into the most innocent remarks. Don't tell a cooperative child, "You are always so good—you are an angel," he warns; a child knows he is not always perfect, and is likely to feel anxiety under "an obligation to live up to the impossible."

In anger, specifics are most important. Parents should avoid sweeping, satiric barbs like "With that handwriting you won't even be able to cash unemployment checks." Ginott advises them to express their "anger without insult," and describe the offense candidly and explicitly: "When I see cards, soda bottles and potato chips scattered all over the floor, it makes me feel unpleasant. It actually makes me angry." When the point is made clearly enough, most children will calmly decide to repair the damage without hurt feelings. "Our anger has a purpose: it shows our concern," Ginott writes. "Failure to get angry at certain moments indicates indifference, not love."



GUINEA PIG & TAPE RECORDER
Consider what it could do for baby.

Teenagers can benefit from anger that says "There are limits."

To some parents, Ginott may seem excessively tolerant of misbehavior. About some aspects of adolescent life his new book reveals him as tartly old-fashioned. He abhors early dating, for example. "The ones who enjoy such spectacles as paired parties for twelve-year-olds, padded bras for eleven-year-olds, and going steady for an ever younger age are adults to whom the clumsiness of children looks cute." He is against marijuana, at least until harsh legal penalties are relaxed, and urges parents to suggest moderate alternatives when teenage behavior is likely to hurt others. He approvingly quotes a father who told his son: "If you feel high, ask your date to drive or call a cab. We can get your car back in the morning." Ginott does not flatly condemn premarital intercourse, but simply pleads that parents provide their children with some sense of the psychology of sexual awakening as well as the basic biological facts. Children who ask their parents for contraceptives should be turned down, he insists, since the teenager is showing "a lack of readiness for adulthood. An adult makes his own decisions and accepts the consequences."

Parent Development. Although he is deeply hostile to questions about his personal life and refuses to say whether he is married and has children, Ginott's "empathy first" approach stems from solid clinical experience. He has spent nearly 20 years doing therapeutic work with parents and children, and teaches part-time at Adelphi and New York universities. In front of children and parents alike he is known for pulling out a harmonica and zipping through Hebrew folk songs; he has the stand-up comic's uncanny ability to mimic revealing snips of parent-child dialogue. He is at home quoting both Tolstoy and Bob Dylan, and can rattle off 58 slang terms for drugs. Says the *Today* show's Barbara Walters, who plans to begin applying Ginottisms to her own eleven-month-old daughter as soon as she is old enough to talk: "There's nobody else who can put together his combination of psychology, common sense, and Harry Golden *gemütlich* wit."

Other child-guidance experts find Ginott's suggestions sound enough and admire his direct, down-to-earth style. But they also point out that a parent confidently playing instant psychologist who misinterprets his child's action may end up doing more harm than good, and that children's presupposes well-balanced, emotionally healthy parents and is not likely to be much use in deeply troubled families. "He is a significant contributor not to the field of child development, but to parent development," says Los Angeles Psychiatrist Saul Brown. But Ginott's techniques are not limited to the home. When he began sympathizing with the difficulties auto mechanics faced in repairing his car, Ginott reports, he got superior service.

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ART

EXHIBITIONS

Portal to Illumination

In the shorthand of introductory history courses, Western civilization lapsed into a dark night of the soul with the fall of the Roman Empire, to re-emerge in Italy hundreds of years later during the Renaissance. As scholars have long known, that formula was never entirely true, but it was tidy enough to shape the thought of a schoolboy. In the true sense of the meaning of Renaissance, it can be argued, an earlier rebirth occurred at the end of the 11th and the beginning of the 12th centuries. The age produced in its cathedrals perhaps the greatest architecture yet contrived and, less widely recognized, a powerful vocabulary of sculpture.

To celebrate this earlier renaissance,

about contained energy. But, mercifully, the columns are much shorter than the originals. The sculpture's modeling is calligraphic rather than realistic, and they take on new power to modern eyes conditioned to depreciate the technical skills of representation in favor of the purer visions of stylization. Samson grappling with the lion, an 11th century capital from Avignon's Notre Dame des Doms, contains within its stylized forms both the violence of the struggle and the authority of an abstraction. Its companion piece, representing Samson pulling down the temple on his head as six Philistine heads loom above, demonstrates Auden's observation that the old masters were never wrong about suffering: "How well they understood . . . how it takes place! While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walk-

of course, depict gallant knights or maidens fair, as did 19th century Romantic painters. But the instinctive way in which their styles have evolved and the relaxed way in which they paint reflect the Romantic definition of the artist as propounded by John Ruskin. "The whole function of the artist," wrote Ruskin, "is to be a seeing and a feeling creature. He may think, in a by-way; reason, now and then, when he has nothing better to do; know, such fragments of knowledge as he can gather without stooping, but none of these things are to be his care. The work of his life is to be two-fold only: to see, to feel."

The son of a Youngstown steelworker, Humphrey followed his father into the mills, then quit to study art at Youngstown University and in Paris before coming to New York. A cheery sort, who refuses to wear a beard because it is "too establishment among artists," he



SAMSON & THE LION



ST. PETER



SAMSON & THE PHILISTINES

Both the violence of the struggle and the authority of an abstraction.

the Museum of Art at the Rhode Island School of Design has mounted a small but superb exhibition of 63 Romanesque and early Gothic stone sculptures.

Compression and Restraint. The show was organized by Brown University's Medievalist Stephen K. Scher. The most distinctive characteristic of Romanesque and Gothic sculpture, he points out, derives from the fact that it was designed to be incorporated into a church. "Whether it be the pyramid of a capital," says Scher, "or the perpendicular wall planes of the portal, the sculpture is forced to obey the laws of the structural mass. The resulting compression and restraint resemble a collected horse in dressage; the energy returns upon itself and becomes totally contained within the basic form."

The museum has gone to great lengths to install the sculpture in settings that suggest the churches from which it came. The main entrance to the exhibition is a massive 12th century limestone portal from western France. Grotesque demons, beady-eyed saints, capitals, reliefs and niche ornaments are ranged on piers within a series of specially constructed pseudo-Romanesque arcades.

With the sculptures at the top of columns, they demonstrate Scher's point

ing dully along." The small figure of St. Peter from the Third Abbey Church at Cluny is stylistically as spare as anything Matisse ever contrived, humanistically as moving as Rembrandt's Peter. Weighed down with the keys of the church he was charged to found, the guilt of his denials etched in his face, this Romanesque Peter creates an image that was born of faith but survives in beauty.

PAINTING

To See, to Feel

Abstract art is losing some of its edge—or edges. Dozens of abstract painters have traded in their rulers for spray guns, mops and brushes. Similarly, some of the most severe minimalists indulged in a spot of color. The result was a group of painters loosely classified as "romantic minimalists." The history of Ralph Humphrey, 37, and Dan Christensen, 26, is characteristic. A year ago, they displayed pictures that consisted of properly minimal strips floating on luminous backgrounds. This year, Humphrey and Christensen have moved on to more radiant styles. Since "minimal" no longer applies in either case, "romantic" may be the surviving term.

Humphrey and Christensen do not,

began with representational painting. Then, he explains, "I got to a point where objects didn't mean anything any more." Humphrey's canvases of 1964 and 1965 were cold—gray with narrow colored borders. Slowly softer and more vibrant colors began to glow in his works. Humphrey says that the added warmth of his latest pictures probably derives from the arrival, two and a half years ago, of a daughter on whom he dotes.

Dervish Loops. Christensen, on the other hand, is a bachelor with Beatle-length hair, eyes that blaze like a Blake archangel's and a preference for girls in floppy trousers. Son of a Nebraska farmer, truck driver and "you name it," he studied art at the Kansas City Art Institute. He abandoned his geometric-strip canvases because they were "constricting." Now he lays his canvas on the floor and paints or sprays the background on. Next he sprays on the dancing dervish loops and lines that race across them with an industrial airbrush. Finally, he cuts out the picture he wants from the panorama that he has created. He considers titles irrelevant. *Red Red* was called that because he wanted to make a picture redder and more intense than any he had made before. He has done so.

BRAVE NEW
WHORLS
OF COLOR

Ralph Humphrey's
"Rio Number Two"



JARED SASLE

Dan Christensen's "Red-Red"

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DANCE

BALLET

Back to Fundamentals

It could be argued that the American ballet style was born on April 18, 1944, when an unknown dancer named Jerome Robbins (teamed with an almost equally unknown composer named Leonard Bernstein) presented a choreographic venture called *Fancy Free* with the American Ballet Theater. Jazzy in sound and mood, the work brought into the ballet an awareness of the contemporary scene and the way contemporary people move.

Since then, Choreographer Robbins has given ballet a varied, breezy, gutsy

like the ultimate denial of experimentation. Ten dancers participate, singly or in various groups, in a series of light, airy and at all times traditional maneuvers, to a background of short pieces by Chopin (mazurkas, mostly, along with a few waltzes and études) played by a pianist at stage right. The unassuming costumes are pastel-colored, vaguely folkish in style; the only stage ornamentation is the sky-blue backdrop. The work itself is plotless and seemingly could stop at any moment.

There is nothing new or exotic about the individual movements in *Dances*; yet they all seem new, like a modern sonnet that manages to bring fresh light to



ROBBINS (CENTER) & MEMBERS OF CITY BALLET
More startling than any avant-garde novelty.

dance repertory built largely around modern urban man—joyous and nerve-ridden, frenzied and fey. His work may be an entire ballet (*Moves*) danced in total silence, a modern restudying of a classic (*Afternoon of a Faun*) performed in practice costumes, or a study of man-eat-man society ritualized as a swarm of insects (*The Cage*). In all of them he invariably reflects a sense of the contemporary spirit of experimentation.

Last week the New York City Ballet gave the world premiere of Robbins' latest creation, an hour's diversion titled *Dances at a Gathering*. It was his first new piece for a major dance company in four years; his first for the New York City since 1956. What he presented was something infinitely more startling than any avant-garde choreographic novelty: a pure classic ballet of artless yet artful simplicity that made the repertory of motion seem as fresh as if it had never been performed before. *Dances* may well be Robbins' finest work; as danced to near-perfection by stars of the New York City troupe, it is one of the most visually graceful works ever seen on an American ballet stage.

From all appearances, *Dances* seems

this centuries-tested poetic form. Although Robbins envisioned the work as a unified series of themes with variations, individual *divertissements* stand out: a twisting sequence of stage-girdling leaps by Edward Villella set to the *Etude, Opus 10, No. 2*; a gently humorous episode in which a busy, pirouetting ballerina is accompanied by a succession of bored, poker-faced partners who stroll casually alongside her and then drift off, unimpressed, into the wings; and the final, stately *pas de dix*, which ends on a note of quiet satisfaction as the couples pace silently off the stage together.

Denying any programmatic intent, Robbins, 50, defines the inspiration for *Dances* simply as "Chopin's music," while hinting at a possible sequel. "There's more Chopin than I like—the nocturnes, for example—that I may use for another ballet." His interest in this music and its choreographic possibilities could not be better timed. *Dances* is a welcome reminder that there is still room for invention at the level of freshness and simplicity rather than spectacle. "Let's get back to fundamentals," the work seems to say, and it makes the statement with extraordinary charm.

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MILESTONES

Married. Richard C. Pistell, 41, one-time merchant seaman who dropped anchor at Wall Street in 1948 with \$50 in his pocket, now captains Goldfield Corp., one of the fastest growing and most aggressive conglomerates (TIME, May 9); and the Marquesa de Portago; both for the third time; in Manhattan.

Died. Robert W. Goodman, 54, father of Andrew Goodman, one of three civil rights workers slain in Mississippi in 1964, whose dignity in the days following his son's murder helped inspire the moderate groundswell of opinion that rallied to the civil rights movement; of a stroke; in Manhattan. Said Goodman at the time: "Our grief, though personal, belongs to the nation. The values our son expressed in his simple action of going to Mississippi are still the bonds that bind this nation together."

Died. Marion Morehouse Cummings, 63, widow of poet E. E. Cummings, who at the time of her marriage in 1933 was one of fashion's top mannequins; of cancer; in Manhattan. Edward Steichen called her one of the "greatest fashion models" he had ever photographed, and Cecil Beaton commented that she "was at home in the grandest circumstances." She also published a book of her own pictures, *Adventures in Value*, in 1962, and at her death was planning a book of portraits of her husband and their friends.

Died. Coleman Hawkins, 64, giant among jazz saxophonists (see Music).

Died. Jimmy McHugh, 74, composer of *On the Sunny Side of the Street*, *I'm in the Mood for Love*, along with many other hits and scores for movie and Broadway musicals; of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills. His father wanted him to be a plumber, but Jimmy had other ideas, and by 1921 he was on Broadway's Tin Pan Alley turning out *Hinky Dinky Parlay Voo* and *Lonesome Girl in Town*. In 1928 he scored his first musical, *Blackbirds of 1928*, which contained *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*.

Died. Daniel Fitzpatrick, 78, dean of U.S. editorial cartoonists, whose biting, broad-stroked drawings in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and other papers won him two Pulitzer Prizes; in St. Louis. "I made an awful lot of people plenty goddam mad at me," Fitzpatrick once said—but then he got mad at an awful lot of people. In 1926, he won his first Pulitzer for a drawing of a mountain of paper looming over two tiny tablets titled "The Laws of Moses and the Laws of Today"; his second came in 1955, when he showed Uncle Sam marching into a swamp in what was then French Indo-China with the caption, "How Would Another Mistake Help?"



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BOOKS

Dust for Art's Sake

MYSTERY AND MANNERS by Flannery O'Connor. Occasional prose, selected and edited by Sally and Robert Fitzgerald. 237 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$6.95.

The fiction of the late Flannery O'Connor is distinguished by an uncommon and otherworldly density. The inhabitants of her Southern creative country are grotesques who are viewed as through a Catholic prism darkly. Larger than life, her creations are yet pervaded by an air of death; their clear and dramatic actions nevertheless seem metaphysically resonant, touched by overtones of primitive brooding. Flannery O'Connor's achievement is all the more remarkable—not to say miraculous—because of her meager literary output. She was just 39 years old when she died five years ago. Incurably ill from the age of 26, she had only been able to publish two short novels (*Wise Blood* and *The Violent Bear It Away*) and a single collection of short stories (*A Good Man Is Hard to Find*). Now her steadfast friends have made a collection of her nonfiction prose.

Courageous Approach. Not surprisingly, the occasional essays in *Mystery and Manners* can do little to enhance her already considerable reputation. Nonetheless, they do further illuminate its foundations and the problem of being a true Southerner, a devout Catholic and a practicing creative artist at the same time. They emphasize just how tough-minded, courageous and de-

icated Flannery O'Connor was in her approach to the art of fiction.

Living in the Protestant Bible Belt both delighted and challenged her. "To be great storytellers," she said, "we need something to measure ourselves against. It takes a story to make a story. It takes a story of mythic dimensions. In the Protestant South, the Scriptures fill this role." She asserts her Catholicism with a most graceful catholicity. "The writer should never be ashamed of staring," she wrote. "When the Catholic novelist closes his own eyes and tries to see with the eyes of the Church, the result is another addition to that large body of pious trash for which we have so long been famous." Instead, she consciously sought to use her belief as the light by which she saw, making her religion implicit in her vision rather than explicitly intrusive in her work. If the theme of redemption by Jesus Christ lay at the center of her work, this was simply because "what I see in the world I see in its relation to that."

Gothic Eccentricity. Unlike many Catholic writers, Miss O'Connor never felt caught in the traditional bind between religion and art. "When people have told me that because I am a Catholic, I cannot be an artist," she said, "I have had to reply ruefully that because I am a Catholic, I cannot afford to be less than an artist." What she did was make literature her highest office by accepting the Thomist dictum: "The good of an art is to be found, not in the craftsman, but in the product of the art." "The fiction writer," she observed, "writes for the good of what he is writing. Yet what is itself glorifies God because it reflects God."

Her technical preceptors in literature were Henry James and Joseph Conrad, two authors who shared an ability to interweave seamlessly dramatic theme and moral vision. Pooh-poohing grandiose abstractions, she persistently reasserted that the prime requisites for fiction are specific details, concrete images and exact sensations. "The fact is that the materials of the fiction writer are the humblest. Fiction is about everything human and we are made out of dust, and if you scorn getting yourself dusty, then you shouldn't try to write fiction. It's not a grand enough job for you."

She defended her own obsession with Gothic eccentricity in plain terms. "To be able to recognize a freak, you have to have some conception of the whole man, and in the South the general conception of man is still, in the main, theological. It is most certainly Christ-haunted." She pursued her own art with a strict attention to the order, proportion and radiance of what she was creating. Perhaps that is why *Mystery and Manners* inadvertently provides a fitting epitaph for the books that she so artfully created before her death. "The fiction writer presents mystery through man-

ners' grace through nature," she wrote in 1957. But when he finishes there always has to be left over that sense of Mystery which cannot be accounted for by any human formula."

Flapdoodle

FOOLS PARADE, by Davis Grubb. 306 pages. World. \$6.95.

Davis Grubb tells his fool story just right. The reader is not bitten by the wooden false teeth till page 172, too late for him to pretend that he knew they were lurking all the time in the sinister West Virginia underbrush.

Misdirection sets the ambush. The book's first two sentences read: "It was a late afternoon of savage bottomlands heat in the April of 1935. Johnny Jesus stood between his two companions, leaning back against a high baggage wagon on the warped bricks of the depot landing and facing the big, moon-faced gunman." Serious business: savage bottomlands heat and a big moon-faced gunman. Grubb adds a sentence of smoky poetry to make sure everyone takes his meaning: "Uncle Doc [the gunman] was one of those humped, huge men who, beneath a cloak of paunch, are cat-swift as dainty dancers and hard as sacked salt."

Well, now. What Uncle Doc, who is captain of the guards at the Glory, W. Va., state penitentiary, is really doing is helping Johnny Jesus and two other let-out cons get aboard the evening train out of Glory. Johnny is a dreamy-lad of 17 who has just served three years for a rape that he did not commit. Lee Cottrill, standing there beside him, is a daff bank robber. Then there is big old



FLANNERY O'CONNOR

Creative views from a Catholic prism.



DAVIS GRUBB

Tall tales for the hell of it.

Mattie Appleyard. Mattie has served 47 years for dynamiting two company links in a miners' uprising. He has only one eye but is subtle with high explosives; it is said that he can blow the kitchen table out from under a cup of coffee without spilling a drop.

Beyond this, what is unusual about Mattie is that he has a check in his pocket for \$25,452.32—the accumulation with interest of his 47 years of prison wages. A large sum in a Depression year, and the good citizens of Glory aren't about to let a freshly pardoned convict walk off with it. "When I hit town at sunup I heard it," says a tale-teller. "Talk. Everywhere. A muttering meanness. In the Krogers and the A.&P. and up at Pickett's Store and at the farmers' market out First Street by the glass works. Mean whispering, stranger—grumbling mean."

As a novelist, Grubb has written about Appalachian violence before. *The Night of the Hunter* (1954), his first book, is a shadowy work about a murderous preacher who chases a couple of kids up and down the Ohio River. *The Voices of Glory* (1962), a moody, backward-looking novel, has its share of crazy thundering. They offer some clue as to why the "muttering meanness" guff in this book turns out to be more than just a touch overwritten.

What Davis is overwriting, it turns out, is a marvelous sort of flappdoodle that does not fit into any category that hook-jacket haiku-ists can think of. The tall stories that Faulkner wrote when his mood was bourbon-light are in the same family: *The Reivers* bears a resemblance to *Faols' Parade*. Dark violence and pibald absurdity share an uncertain border, and now and then some mythmaker on his day off, like Grubb, manages to write within this uncertainty. A fine book, written for the hell of it, which is a splendid reason.

Disquieting Syrup

OPIMUM AND THE ROMANTIC IMAGINATION by Alethea Hayter. 388 pages. University of California. \$7.50.

As old as art itself is the artist's hope that some easily repeated trick of technique, some simple arrangement of circumstances or some infallible method of tapping the subconscious, may induce those high moments of creativity that are as precious as they are rare.

The English Romantics were inclined to place their bet on dreams. Essayist Charles Lamb wrote of a friend who used to measure aspiring poets by their answers to his question: "Young man, what sort of dreams have you?" Byron's poem *The Dream* took on aspects of a Romantic manifesto:

*The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of
its own
With beings brighter than have been.*

Beyond their faith that dreams produced superior art, some Romantics pursued a corollary faith: that opium pro-



THOMAS DE QUINCEY

Phantoms of sublimity from a sleep of senses.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

duced superior dreams. In a gracefully written, witty survey, British Scholar Alethea Hayter skeptically checks out a few case histories.

For most of the 19th century's mind blowers, opium meant laudanum, an alcoholic solution of the drug used as a common painkiller. Laudanum was cheaper than beer and regarded as scarcely more harmful. George IV took it for hangovers. Under such names as "Mother Bailey's Quieting Syrup" and "Venice Treacle," it was prescribed for children more or less as aspirin is today.

Miss Hayter is definite about the effects of opium. It makes the user hypersensitive to sights and sounds while simultaneously putting a mystical distance between him and the real world. It obliterates the sense of time. In the early euphoric stages of addiction, it produces a serenity genteelly referred to as "invulnerable self-esteem." In later stages, it induces traumatic nightmares.

As she casts her suspicious eye over the literary poppy field, Miss Hayter cannot be quite so definite about opium's effect on the working poet. Though Coleridge claimed that *Kubla Khan* sprang to his mind full-fledged from a dream—and is a fragment only because a tradesman interrupted him while he was writing it down—Miss Hayter is unimpressed. She admits that the euphoric fragment was the product of what the poet called "a sleep of the external senses." But she insists that his dreams usually were "disappointingly dull," and suggests that much hard polishing must have gone into the poem after Coleridge woke up. Coleridge generally had chronic difficulty finishing his major poetic and critical works. The last lines of the fragment, moreover,

*For he on honey-dew hath fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise*

are beautiful enough to suggest that the sleepy poet may have decided to quit while he was ahead.

Wilkie Collins, who regularly took what for others would have been lethal doses of laudanum, composed "a major piece of work," Miss Hayter admits, when he wrote *The Moonstone*—a Chinese box of a novel in which the actions of an opium-drugged man are described by an opium-using author. She points out, though, that Collins did not directly utilize his hallucinations. His forte—tight construction of narratives—was rare for a Victorian and hardly the sort of thing to be aided by drug taking. Quite the contrary.

An Ox is An Ox. Not even Thomas De Quincey, who "lied, prevaricated and romanced about his addiction," in *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, thought that opium could make a poet of a non-poet. As he put it, a man who talked of oxen would dream of oxen. Miss Hayter goes farther than that. She suspects that the price of a few passively vivid images may be permanently somber sensibilities. The opium-using poet may begin with sunny pleasure domes—what Coleridge called "phantoms of sublimity." But he ends, Hayter suggests, with the *Imaginary Prisons* of the 18th century Italian engraver Piranesi: he plunges down inverted towers into a darkness full of endless staircases that lead solitary prisoners nowhere. Though opium may present a poet with "unique material for his poetry," Hayter concludes, in the long run it "will probably take away from him the will and the power to make use of it."

If a writer believes, like the late Jean Cocteau, an opium-and-arts dabbler, that "dreams can be a kind of education," he will do far better to follow the example of the Gothic novelist, Mrs. Radcliffe. She gobbled indigestible food at night in hopes of inducing nightmare visions. In the end, Alethea Hayter makes obvious, all writers have to face the banal truth that confronts everyone: in art, as in life, there are few long-term shortcuts.



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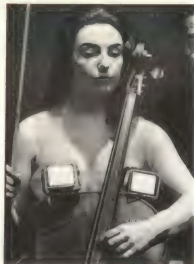
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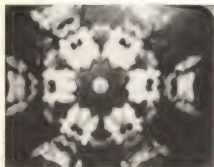
Taking Waste Out of the Wasteland

People have been attacked by television all their lives. Now they can attack it back.

—Electronic Sculptor Nam June Paik



MOORMAN & BRA



TADLOCK'S "ARCHETRON"



WEINTRAUB'S "AC/TV"



PAIK & "PARTICIPATION TV"
Ray for the brush.

The younger generation has rebelled against its elders in the home. It has stormed the campuses. About the only target remaining in *loco parentis* is that preoccupied of youth, television. Last week the television generation struck there too, but the rebellion was half in fun: an art exhibition at Manhattan's Howard Wise Gallery entitled "TV as a Creative Medium."

Within the confines of two rooms, 25 TV sets glare and glare at one another. The ten artists, all in their 20s or 30s, are sculptors from the Kinetic School, research protégés of Marshall McLuhan or electronics experimenters, united by disgust with usual TV fare.

Kaleidoscope Console. John Seery, 28, disdainfully tilted a 17-in. color set on its back and imprisoned it in a quartz-like block of plastic. "When the TV stops functioning," explains Seery, "the work is complete." Earl Reiback, 33, an M.I.T.-trained nuclear physicist, stripped the phosphor coating from the glass screens on three sets, allowing the viewer to see electrons gleaming eerily inside the colorfully painted picture tube.

Eric Siegel, 25, who built his first closed-circuit TV system out of spare parts ten years ago, showed a 21-minute tape of classical and Beatles music accompanied by glowing visual abstractions that he dubs *Psychodelevision in Color*. Closer to Stanley Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey than to Walt Disney's *Fantasia*, it is the sort of work that might well fill the extra channels on the cable antenna systems of the future. Eager to "take the waste out of the wasteland," Thomas Tadlock, 28, spent two years and a patron's \$10,000 to create his *Archetron*. The result is a studio-size console, with 46 knobs and controls and four screens, that scrambles the signals of standard programming to produce an endless flow of kaleidoscopic images. Both Siegel and Tadlock are working toward what Nam June Paik, 36, a Korean-born virtuoso of electronic sculpture, calls "the Silent TV Station, transmitting only beautiful 'mood art,' the TV version of Vivaldi."

Kinetic Tangle. Paik's own contribution to the exhibit was an antic collaboration with Charlotte Moorman, the cellist from Little Rock, Ark. In 1967, Paik (pronounced Pike) and Moorman established themselves as a sort of cerebral John Lennon-Yoko Ono act when Charlotte, topless, played Paik's composition *Opera Sextronique*. Again last week, Charlotte let her concert gown fall to her waist, but this time her

breasts were covered by two 3-in. TV sets. Explained Paik with a broad smile: "By using TV as a bra, the most intimate belonging of a human being, we try to humanize the technology."

Paik sold for \$750 an allegedly rewired color TV set that the owner can program by making sounds into two microphones. One mike receives the low tones and controls the width of a kinetic tangle of colored lines on the screen; the other mike picks up the high notes and regulates the height of the squiggles. A similar experiment, *AC/TV (Audio/Controlled Television)*, by Joe Weintraub, 26, gets its picture from a standard radio. "Very modern," says Paik, "The cathode-ray tube is replacing paper and pen. Paper is dead except as toilet paper. The cathode ray will also replace the paintbrush." In the other half of his exhibit, *Participation TV*, visitors are urged to perform in front of four video cameras. Three of the cameras shoot in distinct individual colors, to produce stunning multichrome effects.

Participation is the key to the show. The moment that a guest enters the gallery he falls under the eye of a video camera and finds his image being transmitted live from the center screen of a nine-TV-set exhibit called *Wipe Cycle*. After eight seconds delay, the entry scene is replayed on two of the other monitors, then later on two others. Regular commercial programming and tapes especially made by *Cycle* creators Frank Gillette, 27, and Ira Schneider, 30, alternate confusingly on all of the sets. The viewer feels disoriented in time, but he knows that he is caught inescapably in the age of television.

ANNOUNCERS

New Voice for Apollo

When Apollo 10 streaked smoothly on its course toward the moon last week, it did so with a difference. Paul Haney, for six years the cool and detached "voice" of Gemini and Apollo, was gone. His replacement on the air was Jack Riley, another laconic, low-key newsmen, who sees his job not so much "as an announcer but as a supplier of information to the news media."

Riley sat at a blinking console in Mission Control, listening in on the space talk and efficiently translating the alphabet soup of acronyms and numbers to newsmen for nine or ten hours at a time. Getting ready before blast-off, he waded through the documents generated by Apollo 10 (a stack of paper more than a foot high) and interviewed the key men involved. For a month before the mission, he spent 30 hours a week watching flight simulations.

Riley's performance, backed by eight previous flight assignments with Haney, proved to be as smooth as the Apollo lift-off. His visible calm, however, belied the subsurface disputes that have been

shaking NASA for the past few months. Until his angry departure last month, Haney, in his role as NASA's public affairs officer, was the man caught in the middle. On one side were the engineers and astronauts, who were determined to maintain as much privacy as possible during the flights. On the other was the press, equally determined to know all about the space shots.

The battle rose to the surface during the flight of Apollo 9, specifically when Commander Jim McDivitt asked to speak to the ground in private to report that Rusty Schweikart was vomiting. When Robert Gilruth, director of the Manned Spacecraft Center, granted permission, reporters protested. As the battle continued, Haney pondered—and then took the position that the right of



RILEY IN HOUSTON
Without a glitch.

the press and the public to know was more important than the astronauts' desire for privacy.

The showdown came last month, when Haney and Head Astronaut Deke Slayton collided over whether or not the press could witness a lunar-landing practice session. Slayton won, and four days later NASA's chief public affairs officer, Julian Scheer, gave Haney the news: he was to lose his voice job and accept a special post out of harm's way in Washington. Haney flatly refused the new job, describing the proposed move "like being kicked out of the game on the two-yard line after coming 98 yards down the field." Scheer quickly accepted his resignation. Out is not off, however. Who was down in Houston last week, tracking the Apollo 10 flight in his familiar way, under contract to Britain's ITV? None other than Paul Haney. This time he was not only heard, but seen, although he admits: "I don't have the shape and face for this thing—my face is like a Halloween mask."



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BUSINESS

LOCKHEED'S CASUALTIES IN THE DEFENSE CONTROVERSY

WHEN its best friends begin to fault it, the Pentagon is obviously in perilous straits. Last week Texas Democrat George Mahon, a longtime supporter of the military as chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, rose in the House to complain that the Pentagon's "many mistakes" had created a public "lack of confidence." Mahon's old ally Mendel Rivers, head of the Armed Services Committee, grabbed a microphone to protest. "This is the way to tear down the military," he shouted. "Keep on saying it, and the enemies of the military will love you."

Not only is the Pentagon coming in

curement bill had climbed from an anticipated \$3.5 billion for 115 of the planes to \$4.4 billion for 120 of them. Congressional critics charge that the "overrun" resulted mostly from Lockheed's attempt to win the contract by making an unrealistically low bid.

The company denies the charges and disputes the size of the overrun. Its spokesmen say that \$500 million of the extra expenses can be blamed on runaway inflation and Viet Nam dislocations, which could not have been accurately forecast when the contracts were signed in 1965. Not counting inflation, they claim that the actual over-

ly advanced, heavily armed "compound helicopter" can both hover like a copter and fly on stubby wings, propelled by a "pusher prop" that speeds it up to 250 m.p.h. Last week the Army abruptly canceled Lockheed's production contract for 375 of the aircraft. Cancellation means a loss of \$250 million in orders already in hand, and much more in potential business. Lockheed has already laid off some 700 workers at its Cheyenne plants in Burbank and Van Nuys, Calif. On Wall Street, its stock, which reached 50 earlier this year, fell five points last week, closing at 30.

The cost of each Cheyenne has risen from an expected \$1.4 million to about \$2.4 million. The immediate cause of the cancellation, however, was the Army's disbelief that a "satisfactory aircraft would be delivered." Rotor stability and control problems had shown up in tests of ten prototypes, one of which crashed. Some critics believe that the Cheyenne was a classic example of "brochuremanship"—the practice of selling the Pentagon on a new weapons system even before the contractor is reasonably certain that it can perform to specifications. Lockheed's Chairman Daniel Haughton protested last week that the Cheyenne's problems were "normal and to be expected in achieving a major technological step forward." He promised to fight in court against both the cancellation and the Army's planned attempts to recover about \$54 million that it has given to Lockheed for production progress payments.

Corned Beef and Competition. Cost overruns have been standard procedure in American military history. There were corned beef scandals during the Civil War, and the West was won partly on padded Government contracts for shot, powder, rifles, bully beef and hardtack. Today's excesses can hardly be blamed on defense-industry "profiteering." While U.S. industry's overall return on investment rose from 7.1% in 1967 to 10.1% last year, the defense contractors' profits have dropped from an average 10.1% to around 7.3%.

The reason for the decline has been the Pentagon's increased emphasis on competition among defense suppliers. That—and the current controversy—stems from a buying system, introduced when Robert McNamara was Defense Secretary, called "total package procurement." Under "TPP," contractors must estimate total costs of a complex project years in advance, and they are supposed to keep quite close to that fixed-price target. TPP was designed to end the egregious overruns that had been fairly common under the older system of contracting for each step as it came along. This had encouraged contractors to make unreal-



CHEYENNE COMPOUND HELICOPTER

Charges of brochuremanship and promises of a court fight.

for rising criticism, but its civilian suppliers as well. Congress and the public are deeply concerned about the spiraling costs of new weapons systems and their frequent failure to perform up to expectations. High prices and technical flaws plague many major weapons systems, including the Army MBT-70 tank (prime contractor: General Motors), the Navy LHA assault-ship program (Litton) and the Air Force Short-Range Attack Missile (Boeing). Last week all the censure converged on two huge defense projects, the Air Force C-5A transport and the Army AH-56A Cheyenne helicopter. Both are built by Lockheed Aircraft Corp., whose \$2.2 billion in sales last year were made almost entirely to the military. Lockheed is the nation's second-highest defense contractor, after General Dynamics.

Overruns and Cutbacks. The C-5A, at 728,000 lbs. the world's largest aircraft, has been under intense scrutiny since a Pentagon cost analyst in January leaked reports of ballooning expenses. Rather grudgingly, the Air Force and other sources revealed that the pro-

gram is an "extremely good" 10%. The plane itself has performed so well that, according to the company, Lockheed may collect a \$22 million incentive bonus from the Air Force.

Yet Lockheed could suffer enormous losses if Congress forces a cutback in orders. So far, the company has firm orders for 81 of the C-5A's. Even if the full 120-plane run is completed, Lockheed stands to lose \$285 million, according to Air Force estimates made public last week. Those estimates purposely tend to downplay the suspicions raised by C-5A foes, who had suggested that the Pentagon and Lockheed had been conspiring to ensure that the company came out of the contract with an ample profit. In any case, Lockheed disagrees with the Air Force loss figures; company spokesmen insist that on a full order, Lockheed can "at least break even."

Lockheed has based much of its future on the C-5A and the Cheyenne. While the former is in trouble over costs, the latter is being criticized for its performance. The Cheyenne, a high-

istically low bids in the research phase; once entrenched in a project, they could discover "unforeseen" expenses and plead for more money.

In TPP, contractors are also allowed to charge off some higher costs, but only up to certain limits—and the Pentagon can refuse to pay anything above that. On the other hand, manufacturers who produce items for less than the expected costs are rewarded with higher profits. There is considerable debate over just how high the C-5A overrun really is—critics, the company and the Air Force use different sets of figures—and just how much of it should come out of Lockheed's hide.

Embarrassing Virtue. The next casualty in the defense-cost battle is likely to be TPP itself. For all its faults, TPP does have the embarrassing virtue of making mistakes highly visible, because targets are so firmly fixed. Pentagon officers are now searching for a less rigid procurement system. One possibility is the so-called "milestone" concept, which prescribes renegotiation of contracts at various stages to take account of inflation and other unpredictable factors. That might keep the overrun from piling up too noticeably, but it will do little to pacify a taxpaying public that believes its pocket is the prime target of every new weapons system that comes along.

MONEY

Squeeze on the Banks

The cost of borrowing money has been rising rapidly ever since the Federal Reserve Board decided last December to get tough about inflation. Last week the deliberate squeeze on credit pushed many interest rates to the highest levels since 1929, causing considerable anxiety among bankers. Many moneymen fear that one more turn of the Federal Reserve's monetary screws might, as the Bank of America put it, cause "serious disruption in the financial markets and create conditions that would generate a recession."

Banks last week charged government bond dealers as much as 10% a year for loans to finance their holdings of securities. Interest rates on tax-exempt local bonds reached new peaks. Cobb County, Ga., for example, paid 6.49% interest to float an issue. A block of Government-guaranteed local public-housing bonds was offered to investors at a record annual yield of 5.55%. For a person in the 50% federal income-tax bracket, that is the equivalent of an 11% return before taxes on ordinary stocks or bonds.

Commercial bankers were strapped for funds. To discourage borrowing by big corporate customers, the bankers are talking more and more about increasing their 7½% prime rate. Roy L. Reiersen, senior vice president of Manhattan's Bankers Trust Co., went so far as to suggest that the prime rate ought to be lifted to 10%, if only to "shock" businessmen into holding down spending.

SHIPPING

Weakness in Size

What is as long as four football fields and big enough to carry three quarts of beer for every American over 18? Answer: any one of four Gulf Oil tankers, each of which can haul 326,000 tons of oil. They share the title of world's biggest tanker—but not for long. A tanker with a capacity of 372,000 dead-weight tons (d.w.t.) will float out of a Japanese yard in 1971. Thereafter? Shipbuilders can make a tanker as capacious as anybody wants, but the idea hardly enchants them. They have problems enough building anything above 200,000 tons.

Haulers are demanding ever larger ships, and builders have to meet the or-

tonner cannot be arrived at simply by doubling everything involved in turning out a 100,000-tonner. Germany's Howaldtswerke was seven months late in delivering the 191,000-ton *Esso Malaysia* because it sagged so badly on the trial run that it had to be reinforced with an extra 500 tons of steel. Sir John Hunter, chairman of Britain's Swan Hunter, concedes that "some of our costing estimates are still largely hopes."

Only Japan's builders, who lead the world in construction of the giant tankers, are making money on them. Though the Japanese compete fiercely with each other for orders, they have been sharing technological ideas since the Imperial Navy ordered them to do so before World War II. They have produced such



GULF OIL'S 326,000-TON "UNIVERSE IRELAND"
Hardly any limit to the load.

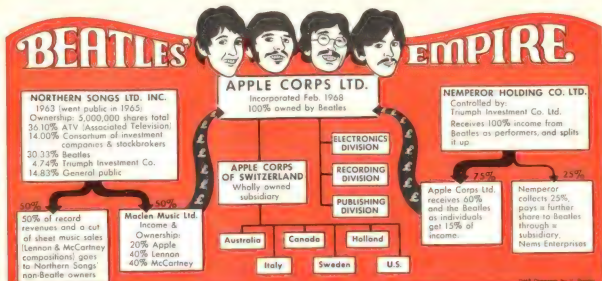
ders so that competitors will not run away with them. Since 1968, the oil companies have put into service twelve ships of 200,000 tons or more—called "oilbergs"—and they have 170 more on order in yards from Bilbao to Yokohama. Last week California Standard contracted for a pair of 260,000-tonners from Japan's Mitsubishi. Britain's Scott Lithgow group two weeks ago landed its first order for an oilberg, a 250,000-tonner to be constructed for Anglo Norrness, a Bermuda-based shipping company. The builder will launch the huge ship in two sections and weld them together in the water. "We don't know which half to christen first," says Ross Belch, a joint managing director. "We're not sure that we can afford two bottles of champagne."

Estimating on Hope. British, Swedish and West German builders have taken losses on the oilbergs. Because of technological quirks, the cost of a 200,000-

tonner is computer-controlled cutting torches, self-propelled welders and devices that can flip over 80-ton subassemblies to make welding easier. These have helped reduce building costs from \$91 a ton for a 100,000-d.w.t. tanker to \$68 for a 300,000-tonner. Even the Japanese see an economic limit; they estimate that a 500,000-d.w.t. ship would cost them \$80 a ton.

Toward a Million. The oil companies want bigger tankers because huge capacity makes it economical for their ships to bypass the blocked Suez Canal and lumber around the Cape of Good Hope to Europe or the Americas. The transport costs run to about 40¢ per bbl. in a 200,000-d.w.t. ship, compared with 52¢ in a 70,000-tonner. Each big ship can save a company about \$1,000,000 a year in hauling costs.

U.S. yards have so far built nothing greater than 109,000 d.w.t. but Bethlehem Steel and Newport News Ship-



building & Dry Dock are gearing up to turn out tankers in the 200,000-d.w.t. class. Even those will seem small next to the foreign-built ships of the future. Japan's Nippon Kokan next month will open a dock that can accommodate an 800,000-tonner, and Belfast's Harland & Wolff is constructing a new facility that should be able to handle a million-d.w.t. vessel.

BRITAIN

The Beatles Besieged

A multimillion-dollar business cannot be run on fun and flowers, the Beatles belatedly discovered after the death in 1967 of their canny manager and mentor, Brian Epstein. More interested in gadding about than tending to their enterprises, they left their convoluted corporate empire (see chart) to run on its own momentum. Inertia was not a successful philosophy. Three of the biggest companies in which the Beatles hold stakes have lately tumbled into trouble. ▶ Northern Songs, founded in 1963 to handle the songwriting business of John Lennon and Paul McCartney, was the object of a takeover bid by Britain's Associated Television, producer of *The Avengers*. Associated bought up 35% of the stock in March and made a \$23.5 million tender offer for the rest; the company now has just over 36% of the shares. Lennon and McCartney, each of whom owns 15% of the company, fought the takeover by calling for help from the other Beatles and making their own tender for 20% of the shares.

▶ Nemperor Holdings, the successor to Epstein's Nems Enterprises, was sold by his family in February to London's Triumph Investment Trust. Nemperor collects all the fees for the Beatles' record, stage and film performances, then takes a 25% cut and splits the rest between the Beatles and their companies. Since Epstein was dead, the Beatles reasoned, why not reverse the sequence of

payment? When they proposed to take in the gross themselves and disburse Nemperor's 25%, Triumph went to court. Until the fight is settled, Electrical and Musical Industries, Ltd., which produces and markets the Beatles recordings in Britain through the Apple label, has frozen all royalties. The total tied up is now about \$3,000,000.

▶ Apple Corps, wholly owned by the Beatles as their major corporate entity, is a disappointment. It was founded last year with the aim of promoting other talented people and creating businesses in recording, electronics, publishing, films and retailing. But Apple bankrolled stale ideas and supported a film division that never made a movie. Even the Beatles' enormous earning capacities could no longer comfortably carry the load. Last year they closed Apple's mod boutique after opening the doors for a two-day giveaway of more than \$100,000 worth of bell-bottoms, see-through blouses and other clothes. Then they shut down Apple's film operation. The firm grossed little more than \$500,000 in its first fiscal year ending last month. "We tried to be the Ford Foundation," said John Lennon. "It was rubbish."

Talking Their Language. To put their house in order, the Beatles last February called in Allen Klein, 37, a New York City accountant who manages the Rolling Stones and Herman's Hermits. Klein also controls Cameo-Parkway Records, whose stock was delisted by the American Stock Exchange last year because of "an absence of adequate information" about its business dealings. Klein was indicted in New York federal court for income tax evasion in connection with his holding company, Allen Klein & Co. Two weeks ago, he signed a three-year management contract with the Beatles, cutting himself into 20% of their earnings.

Lennon, the senior Beatle, is ecstatic about Klein. As Lennon told TIME correspondent Charles Eisenrath in Ap-

ple's Savile Row headquarters: "He's only been here three months, and he's sorted out seven years of crap. This guy talks our language. He just says, 'Where is it?' and 'When do I get it?' and 'How much do the tax boys take?' It's as simple as that."

Real success, however, is not so simple. Last week the Beatles lost control of Northern Songs when a consortium of financial companies added their 14% to Associated's holdings and made a deal in which it will name four of the six directors. Britain's High Court will decide next month on who should pay whom in the Nemperor case. As for Apple, it is too soon to see whether Klein's pruning will produce profits.

Whatever the outcome, the lads will be free again to pursue lighter pastimes. Since each Beatle is still personally worth \$5,000,000 to \$9,000,000, they have plenty for the pursuit. As Lennon explains: "The point of Klein is for me not to be a businessman—to take it off me back so I don't have to worry about the details."

WALL STREET

Buying a Share of the Broker

A young and fast-rising brokerage house, in a hurry to expand even faster, is forcing the New York Stock Exchange to resolve what has long been a Wall Street dispute. Should brokerage firms be allowed to sell their own stock to the public, thereby letting the ordinary investor in on Wall Street's enormously profitable business?

The exchange's constitution effectively forbids this by requiring that every stockholder in a member firm be approved by the Big Board's governors. Managers of some of the largest brokerage houses, notably Merrill Lynch, have yearned to go public in order to raise capital, but none of them did anything. Then last week the firm of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission

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Sending Clients Away. Donaldson, Lufkin is forcing the issue because lately it has had to turn down business from institutions that wanted to sell big blocks of stock. In order to accommodate them, the firm would have had to buy some of the shares itself, and it did not have enough capital to do so. Executives of Donaldson, Lufkin see this lack as a threat to the firm's spectacular record. Its revenues and profits have multiplied seven times in the past five years, and it has consistently earned a pre-tax return of almost 50% on gross revenues. Last year its profits before taxes were \$14.9 million on a gross of \$30.4 million.

"Retail" houses that service small investors—which Donaldson, Lufkin does not—also need more capital. They could use it to automate their back offices and clean up the paper-work mess that since January has forced the stock exchange to close daily trading 90 minutes early. The Big Board has asked the SEC to permit brokerage firms to sell bonds to the public, but Donaldson, Lufkin preferred to sell stocks rather than have to pay 9% or more interest on debentures. Its position has obvious support. When two Donaldson, Lufkin floor traders walked into a club for lunch the day after the filing, they got a standing ovation from fellow brokers.

Looking for Safeguards. Exchange President Robert Haack and executives of many smaller firms are cool to the stock-offering plan. They fear that any big mutual fund might win an unfair advantage over competitors by buying controlling interest in a brokerage house, putting all orders through that house and paying commissions mostly to itself. Public ownership could also help the rich firms get richer at the expense of small houses, which might not be able to sell their stock so easily. Most important, the SEC presumably would have to devise some safeguards to prevent manipulators or even Mafia hoods from gaining control of a brokerage house.

Dan W. Lufkin, the 37-year-old chairman of Donaldson, Lufkin and a Big Board governor, is pressing the other 32 governors to approve a change in the constitution, which would then have to be voted on by the 1,366 exchange-seat holders. The exchange has called for a committee report by July 17, and will seek the SEC's opinion. Lufkin does not intend to be put off. His firm's prospectus declares bluntly that if the constitution is not amended, Donaldson, Lufkin will go public anyway. If the stock exchange then drops it from membership, the firm seems prepared to risk the short-term loss of the 63% of its revenue that comes from commissions on Big Board trades. It would hope to make that up by using regional and other markets, where most of the Big Board stocks are also traded. If Donaldson, Lufkin succeeded, that would raise another question: who needs the New York Stock Exchange?

EXECUTIVES

How to Stop from Going to Pot

Growing legions of chairbound executives labor through pushups on the bedroom floor at dawn, or spend their lunch hours performing similar strenuous rituals in a gym. Bent on prolonging their useful lives, they pedal, bounce, pull and jog, sweating and puffing off excess fat. More and more companies encourage their employees to lose weight, but none have been quite so imaginative as Lowe's Inc. of Cassopolis, Mich. Lowe's is best known as the manufacturer of Kitty Litter, a granulated clay that is used to line cat boxes. The firm, which had sales of \$4,000,000

savings are expected from slimmer expense accounts, since traveling executives can be expected to switch from steak and Scotch to Metreel.

After six weeks, ten of the 15 members who were found overweight lost a total of 80 lbs. Sales Manager Ed Burns, 50, who has to reduce from his original 199 lbs. to 179, vows that he will make it even if he has to live in a sauna. The trouble is, he says, that if he wins the bonus, he will have to spend it all on altering his clothes.

ANTITRUST

Surprise Formula

In corporate-merger warfare, the political counterattack has lately become a favorite weapon. Established companies have been delighted by the many federal investigations of upstart conglomerates and by the Justice Department's legally adventuresome crusade against them. Last week Justice's chief trustbuster, Richard McLaren, struck an unexpected if comparatively mild blow against the business Establishment.

Without comment, he released a hit-or-miss report by a Johnson Administration antitrust task force headed by Phil C. Neal, dean of the University of Chicago law school. The group recommended new laws that would empower the Government to break up companies in industries "where monopoly power is shared by a few very large firms." It proposed a "Concentrated Industries Act" that would apply when four or fewer firms controlled 70% of an industry with \$500 million a year in sales. Each firm would be forced to reduce its share of the market to no more than 12%. The scheme would break up the Big Three automakers, as well as leaders in aluminum, computers and other fields.

The task force also proposed a "Merger Act" that would bar some large conglomerate takeovers, but not others. Under its complex formula, the Justice Department might have been unable to file some of its recent anticonglomerate lawsuits, either because the companies were too small or the industry too fragmented.

Many businessmen believe that the Neal proposals to break up bigness would only reduce U.S. industrial efficiency and competitiveness in world markets. The chances seem remote that any of the recommendations will be written into law. Congress always has trouble agreeing on antitrust-law amendments, and the controversial ideas in the Neal report are political orphans.

AIRPORTS

A Guide to Jet-Age Bazaars

From makeshift booths where travelers could pick up whisky or cigarettes, duty-free shops at international airports have blossomed within a few years into bazaars of the jet age. Bargain-hunting is now one of the expected rewards of a flight abroad, and as the



LOWE (LEFT) JOGGING WITH COMPTROLLER
When a loss is a gain.

last year from products for cats, offers a cash bonus to executives who shed pounds.

Surveying his own expanding middle and those of his 14 top men, Lowe's President Edward Lowe, 48, found that they were collectively 120 lbs. in excess. Last month he started ICATLYC, the "I Can't Afford to Lose You Club." Each member was weighed in by the company doctor, and a goal—his optimum weight—was set. Each was given as many weeks as he had pounds to lose. If he makes his specified weight by that deadline, he is paid 1% of his annual salary; the bonus will be renewed every year for as long as he stays in trim. Thus a \$20,000-a-year man stands to gain \$300 annually.

Lowe is sure that the company will gain. He figures that for every executive who keels over too soon, the company must spend twice his annual salary training a replacement. Additional

Should welfare just keep their bellies full, or help keep them from getting a bellyful of welfare?



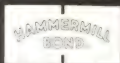
Some of those who get welfare are happy enough with hand-outs. But others get fed up with just being fed, and want to learn ways to help feed themselves.

No doubt about it, hunger is a right-now thing. And many taxpayers feel that's what welfare should be all about—an emergency measure. To provide sufficient food, proper clothes, adequate housing. Right now. And that anything more is none of government's business.

Others believe welfare should go further. That government is obligated to help eliminate the causes of poverty and deprivation.

The point is, where do you stand? Your taxes support welfare. Your opinions, suggestions, ideas should support the people who legislate and administer it. So it's important that you write your public officials and tell them what you think on this vital issue, and others like it.

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Hammermill urges you to write your public officials.

travel season begins in earnest with the coming of June, it will be the source of rich business for airport authorities, who usually lease the shops to private entrepreneurs. The goods that they offer are as varied as diamonds at Amsterdam's Schiphol, fur hats (\$10 to \$75) at Moscow's Sheremetyevo, and what one experienced traveler describes as "jars filled with something looking suspiciously like pickled men's feet" at Lomé, Togo.

Surprisingly, local products are often the least attractive buys of all because of local taxes—or because shrewd sellers reckon that in-transit passengers will think that a local product is obviously a bargain at any price. A quart of V.S.O.P. cognac, \$5 at Ireland's Shannon airport, costs \$6.30 at Paris' Orly. In Belgrade, a bottle of "Manastrika" slivovitz is \$2.50 at the airport and \$1.50 in town. Thousands of passengers eagerly buy watches at Swiss airports, where they are not duty-free and cost about 10% more than at downtown watchmakers. German-made cameras, tape recorders and radios go for bargain prices at most duty-free airports, except in Germany.

Willing to Refund. Amsterdam's Schiphol offers the biggest variety and best prices. It leads all other airport shops in sales, which were \$10 million last year. Schiphol also has the world's first duty-free self-service liquor and tobacco store, where passengers can pick and choose just as they do in a neighborhood supermarket. Another innovation is a tax-free automobile showroom with a choice of 21 models, including a British Ford Cortina for \$1,500, about 23% less than the London price tag. Within half an hour of arrival, a traveler can drive away in his new car, com-

plete with documents and license plate. In the Schiphol antique shop, 21 Dutch dealers have joined to offer a large selection of their wares, and will cut 12% or more on items priced over \$280. To keep customers happy, a Schiphol store will make a refund even on a \$3,000 diamond ring.

Shopper's Paradise. Shannon, where the idea of duty-free shops originated in 1952, is close to Schiphol in range and price. It opened in the era of prop planes, when a refueling stop was a must on a transatlantic flight. The jet age brought a temporary drop in Shannon's business, but last year 714,000 passengers passed through, nearly double the number in the peak pre-jet years. The thought of picking up an authentic Aran Islands sweater for \$19.50, a genuine Irish tweed sports jacket for \$32, or a hand-crocheted christening shawl for \$12 was enough to make many jet-borne travelers reroute their itinerary and stop briefly at Shannon. Sales have been growing by 20% annually, to last year's \$6,000,000. Most of Shannon's shoppers are American tourists returning home.

There is not much to be had at airports in Tokyo or Frankfurt, and the vast Copenhagen duty-free shop is more expensive than most. Paris offers bargains in women's handbags, and Moscow sells pasteurized fresh caviar in 4-oz. jars for \$4.61. Hong Kong is in a category by itself. At Kai Tak Airport, American cigarettes sell for a record low \$1.75 per carton, and whisky is bought up briskly by Japanese travelers for prices a fraction of those at home. Even so, in a city that might be called the biggest duty-free shop in the world, liquor and tobacco are about the only goods that are not sold duty-free.

TRADE

Hard Bargaining with Japan

As Japan's irrepressible economy makes its power felt around the world, the U.S. is both cooperating and colliding with it. U.S. industrialists who suffer the sting of foreign competition—in textiles, steel, electronics—view Japan as the chief villain. On the other hand, many businessmen look yearningly toward Japan as an enormous market for American goods. Last week two significant developments took place that will strain relations in one area of business and possibly smooth them in another.

Textiles. Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans reported on his mission to goad Asian trading partners, chiefly Japan, into restraining their textile exports. The outcome: no deal. Japan sends nearly \$400 million worth of textiles yearly to the U.S., and this has sorely hurt whole towns in the South. They live off their textile mills, which employ many unskilled Negroes.

If Japan does not voluntarily hold down its shipments soon, the U.S. will move toward mandatory import controls. Protectionist sentiment is rising in Congress. Earlier this month, Wilbur Mills introduced a bill calling for textile import quotas, and it will get massive support. If the bill passes, it could set off a round of moves and counter-moves restricting free trade.

Autos. Detroit is alarmed by Japanese auto exports to the U.S., which reached 110,000 cars last year. Instead of crying for quotas, U.S. auto men want to start producing in Japan, the only major non-Communist country that prohibits car manufacturing by foreigners. Under intense pressure by its trading partners, Japan has agreed to allow outsiders to buy up to a 50% interest in any of its auto firms—but not until 1972. By that time, the government hopes to have prodded Japan's twelve automakers into consolidating into two or three groups that would help them to cope with U.S. penetration.

Last week Chrysler Corp. got a foothold by making a "general agreement" with Mitsubishi, Japan's second largest industrial corporation, to set up a joint company in which Chrysler would have a 35% share. The government in Tokyo will have to approve the deal, and is not likely to be quick about it. The two firms hope to collaborate on some research, then move on to marketing each other's cars in Japan and the U.S. Later, they might join in assembling Chrysler cars in Japan. Ford also started negotiating in earnest last week with Japan's Toyo Kogyo for joint production of automatic transmissions.

In both textiles and autos, some hard bargaining lies ahead between the capitals of the two largest economic powers of the non-Communist world. Obviously, the cause of free trade will be helped if each becomes more tolerant of the other's exports.



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MUSIC

COMPOSERS

FESTIVALS

Romantic Revival

Undulating across the stage, eight shapely young ballerinas mimicked the sensuous rhythms of a belly dance. Portraying Bedouin tribesmen, a chorus of 150 men sang a lusty hymn to Allah. At sunrise, the wailing voice of the muezzin filled the concert hall, summoning the faithful to prayer. "O lonely night, last forever," crooned a tenor, looking across the moonlit sands. "You've made me learn to live and love."

These Rombergian sights and sounds at Butler University in Indianapolis were not a revival of *Desert Song* but of much hoarier musical fare; the symphonic ode *Le Désert* by Composer Félicien David, *Grand-père* of all pseudo-Oriental musical concoctions, the piece was an instant hit after its 1844 Paris première, and its popularity, in part, inspired such works as Delibes' *Lakmé* and Verdi's *Aida*. So much for success. By the end of the century, both David and *Le Désert* were considered as out of date as a daguerreotype.

Better Than Brahms? So, alas, are most of the other antiquities performed this month at Butler's second annual Festival of Romantic Music. The six-day exercise in musical archaeology opened with the lushly sentimental overture to *The Muv Queen*, a cantata by the English composer William Sterndale Bennett. His fellow Victorians regarded him as better than Brahms. Today he is one of the forgotten men of English music. The years have been equally hard on other romantics on the Butler program. Belgium's Henri Vieuxtemps was perhaps the greatest violinist of his day, but until Cellist Jascha Silberman performed his *Cello Concerto in A Minor*, it had never been heard in the U.S. Sigismund Thalberg was Liszt's great rival at the keyboard and a composer of considerable skill. Yet his lively fantasia on *The Barber of Seville*, exuberantly played at Butler by Pianist Raymond Lewenthal, is now a rarity.

The festival tested musical fortitude as well as memories. For performances of Offenbach's ballet *Le Papillon*, which has never been given outside the Paris Opéra, Butler teachers and students spent hours reconstructing the orchestral parts from a copy of the original conductor's score. "I'm going to die," exclaimed Indianapolis Symphony Conductor Izler Solomon in mock horror when he was handed the 435 pages of Paderewski's *Symphony in B Minor*, which took nearly seven years to compose. Solomon cut the thunderous, brass-filled nationalistic epic to a manageable 33 minutes and turned it into the showpiece of the festival.

At times, the jog down the byways of the romantic era seemed not worth the effort. With utter seriousness, Butler's dancers performed the ballet from Meyerbeer's 1831 opera *Robert le Di-*

able, a spooky medieval tale that pits a young knight against the seductive forces of the Devil; about the best that can be said for it is that the knight ultimately triumphs. In an attempt to convey the lacquered elegance of a 19th century Paris salon, chamber music soloists performed in a drawing-room setting. They were surrounded on stage by formally attired Indianapolis socialites seated on sofas and settees about as overstuffed as much of the music.

Think Young. Nonetheless, the festival was more than an exercise in camp. As conceived by Frank Cooper, 29, a piano teacher on Butler's faculty, it gave modern concertgoers a rare opportunity to evaluate the musical staples of a century ago. It also displayed the extraordinary technical proficiency of the romantic musicians. Gifted virtuosos themselves, 19th century composers delighted in numbing their audiences with stunning pyrotechnics—as Violinist Aaron Rosand showed as he swept restlessly across the stage during Eugène Ysaÿe's *Sonata in A Minor*, a sardonic paraphrase of the medieval chant *Dies Irae*. "You can't do this sort of thing tongue in cheek," explained Pianist Lewenthal, although he did just that when he put on a velvet-trimmed cape and top hat to take bows after his florid performance of Charles-Valentin Alkan's surprisingly discordant *Sonata in A Minor*.

Cooper himself has no illusions about the quality of all the works performed, but he is sure that the musical world is on the verge of a major romantic revival. "We are in an age of involvement," he says. "Think of our young people: their long hair, their odd dress, their idealism. How like the romantics."

Of Dice and Din

John Cage was in his element—chaos. The audience of 7,000 wandered to and fro in the University of Illinois Assembly Hall. Wandering happily right along with them, Cage drank in the beeps, doinks and sputterings coming from loudspeakers spaced along the walls. He gazed serenely at the color-crazy patterns sprayed by rotating slide projectors on the walls and the temporary translucent ceiling. He stared at the NASA space films and the clips from the silent era that flickered on the movie screens.

A student stepped up, handed Cage a book and asked him to autograph it. "In view of what's going on here tonight, I thought it would be an appropriate place for your signature." It was a Donald Duck comic book. This random happening was something that only the father of chance music could appreciate fully. Cage smiled and signed.

So it went last week at the première of Cage's latest musical production, *Hpschd*. Scored for one electronic harpsichord, six conventional harpsichords, eight movie projectors, 52 tape recorders and 64 slide projectors, *Hpschd* is an eye- and ear-boggling kinetic phantasmagoria that turned out, in one sense at least, to be Cage's most durable work—44 hours durable, to be exact. As usual, his operating premise is that art is more of a manifestation of nature than an expression of man. This means, to Cage, that a work ideally should be as based on random chance as a roll of the dice, and be controlled by the composer as little as possible.

The Experience of Things. Cage patterned six of the harpsichord solos after a 200-year-old romp known as *Dice Music*. Attributed to Mozart, who liked



SCENE FROM "LE DÉSERT" AT BUTLER
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May 19, 1969

a joke as much as anyone else, *Dice Music* consists of a waltz theme and a set of variations that are determined in a Cage-like manner, by rolling dice. In *Hipschd.* Cage embroidered the variations with snippets from works by Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Goltischalk, Busoni—even Cage. Each player had seven 20-minute chunks of music to choose from. Once having played, he was free to chat for a while with the listeners (who were given fluorescent plastic overalls to wear), then play the same chunk over again, or launch into another. Meanwhile, some 52 loudspeakers spouted sounds from as many different tape tracks, each confined to a different slice of the octave, each containing from five to 56 microtones, each following a pattern programmed by Cage's collaborator, Composer Lejaren Hiller—and then fed to a computer. "The theme is diversity, abundance and Mozart, as opposed to unity, fixity and Bach," Cage explained obscurely. "The idea is to fill the hall with sound."

That it certainly did. An idea of the din can be obtained from a new Nonesuch LP for which Cage and Hiller prepared a special 21-minute version of *Hipschd.* To Cage's credit, he makes no claims for beauty in his compositions. In fact, he regards notions like beauty as mere value judgments that have no place in art. "When I produce a happening," he says, "I try my best to remove intention in order that what is done will not oblige the listener in any one way. I don't think we're really interested in the validity of compositions any more. We're interested in the experiences of things." Then how does art differ from chaos? To that, Cage smiles and says: "It's a beautiful question."

JAZZ

Farewell to the Hawk

For the guitar, there is Segovia; for the cello, Casals; and for the tenor saxophone, there was Coleman Hawkins. Before him, the instrument was a straw among the winds, used only for nasal accents in the background of jazz bands. "Bean," as Hawkins' friends called him, transformed it into an expressive solo voice that could breathe lyrical long tones on ballads or erupt into flights of dazzling arpeggios. In a sense, it could be said that he created the tenor sax, and players from Ben Webster to Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane have acknowledged their debt to his inspiration and style. After a life that spanned three generations of jazz, Hawkins died last week at 64, of pneumonia.

Born in St. Joseph, Mo., Hawk began to play the piano at five, the cello at seven, and was fingering a sax at nine. While playing with Singer Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds on a Manhattan gig, Hawkins, then 19, was heard one night by Band Leader Fletcher Henderson, who signed him and kept him for eleven years. Hawk developed his particular sound—breathy, but also pow-

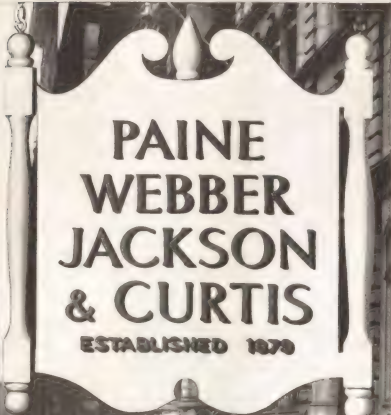
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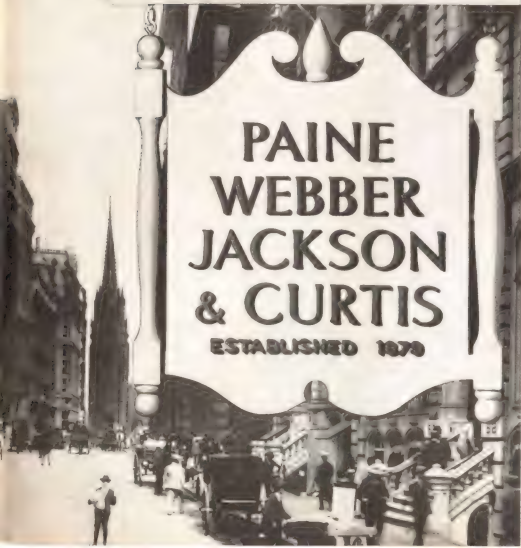
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erful and deep-grounded—in part, as he once said, "because I was trying to play over seven or eight other horns all the time." In 1939, while working with his own combo in New York City, he recorded a version of *Body and Soul* for RCA Victor's Bluebird label—one of the authentic masterpieces of jazz—a flight of improvised melody as carefully organized as variations on a fugue, a gravely sweet meditation on the hidden melodies within a commonplace tune.

Father Figure. Hawk reached his peak of popularity as a musicians' musician during the early '40s. But he kept abreast of later changes, from swing to bop to the cooler, lighter sound of the '50s. He also became something of a father figure to young players, whom he entertained in his Manhattan apart-



HAWKINS (1944)

Before him, just a straw in the winds.

ment overlooking Central Park, talking music or baseball and cooking for them (he loved all kinds of beans—and popcorn). Almost always in the background there was the sound of classical music; Hawk loved Bach and Beethoven as much as a strong jazz solo.

In the last few months he ate little, drank too much and had a constant struggle with illness. When he did perform, he would come on the stand bearded and bowed, seemingly dwarfed by his big horn, smiling mischievously. The notes would stumble at first, and the tremolo might widen into an uncontrolled wobble of sound—but sooner or later Hawk would explode into a solo that recalled earlier days: warm, austere, unfatigably rhythmic even in the midst of a caressing ballad. Afterward he might laugh a little, as if sharing the private pleasure of self-discovery with his audience. "He put a lot of beauty into his playing," said Drummer Eddie Locke, a longtime friend. "He was full of music." So he did; so he was.

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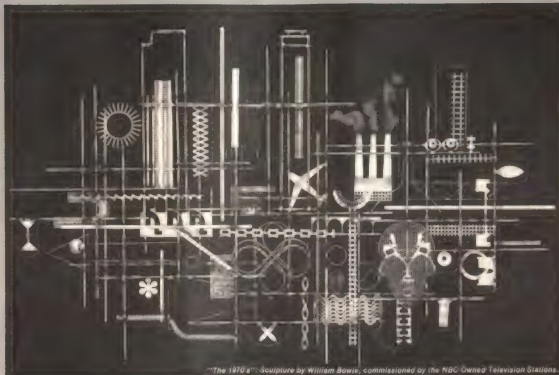
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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Improbable Love Story

They gather with the twilight in every city, swaggering under awnings and before the fluorescent lights of cafeteria windows. They like to bill themselves as "studs," but they are guys who swing from both sides of the bed. Around them swirls another kind of urban flotsam: maimed, embittered victims without a prayer of sexual gratification or a hope of companionship. From these unpromising fragments, James Leo Herlihy wrote a lyric blues ballad disguised as a novel. The film adaptation of *Midnight Cowboy* may grant that ballad too much orchestration, but it preserves its essential compassion and humor.

Joe Buck (Jon Voight) is a strutting phallus, good, he admits, for nothin' but lovin'. His muscles are like his mind, heavy and ornamental. His eyes are like attic windows, blank and blue, opening onto a pile of dusty junk. The son and grandson of prostitutes, Joe flees the loveless desolation of his Texas home and heads for Manhattan. There, in his cowboy paraphernalia, he is as out of place as a stallion in a parking lot. The demon lover swaggers before a mirror; a clown peers back.

Wrecking Ball. After a series of sexual skirmishes, Joe finds himself smack in the middle of the country he left: despair. As he wanders, he comes upon Ratso Rizzo (Dustin Hoffman). A septic, crippled thief, Rizzo lives, like his nicknamesake, in the upper reaches of a condemned building, waiting for the wrecking ball. In a sense it has already arrived. Though he nourishes fantasies of a future in Miami, Ratso is too frail to last the winter. With a final galvanic



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May 6, 1969



VOIGHT & HOFFMAN IN "MIDNIGHT COWBOY"
Both sides of the bed.



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C15

reach for life, he extends a greasy hand—and Joe Buck takes it.

Nothing overt ever transpires between them: every conversation is an exchange of slurs. They become inseparable chiefly because they share a common loss: both could sue life for alienation of affections. Joe Buck is alternately a male hustler and a gigolo; if he knows a lot about sex, he is, like Ratso, ignorant of sympathy. Neither realizes that the only place he has ever found it is in his companion. Yet by the time the two head for Florida, they have become aspects of the same person. As the thief coughs his way to death aboard a bus, the cowboy is literally beside himself with grief.

TV Clicks. A simple tale of simple souls demands a simple style. Accordingly, Herlihy's prose was like a pane of glass, with the described objects clearly in view. Director John Schlesinger sometimes seems less interested in Buck and Rizzo than in himself, covering his film with a haze of stylistic ties and baroque decorations. Buck's involuntary memory provides him with a series of erotic flashbacks: the film illustrates them with the primitivity of a comic book. Joe's heterosexual encounters are treated with suppressed smirks. During one love session he bounces up and down on a TV remote control, so that Schlesinger can represent his athletics with quick TV clicks of Al Jolson in blackface, a bishop preaching and a Stegosaurus lunging through a forest.

Still, no amount of obfuscation can obscure the film's vaulting performances. Ratso is so unkempt that he can be smelled, so unredeemed that he can be lamented. From his debut as the open-faced Benjamin Braddock in *The Graduate*, Hoffman has progressed by stepping backward—to a supporting part. It is an act of rare skill and rarer generosity. No matter how well Ratso is performed, *Midnight Cowboy* is, after all, the tale of Joe Buck. It is a mark of Voight's intelligence that he works against his role's melodramatic tendencies and toward a central human truth. In the process, he and Hoffman bring to life one of the least likely and most melancholy love stories in the history of the American film.

THE TRADE

Furious Bellow

On the whole, I'd rather
be in Philadelphia.

—W. C. Fields' epitaph

Philadelphia is a town that takes its Squaresville role seriously ("... and second prize is two weeks in Philadelphia"). When *I Am Curious (Yellow)* opened last month, Police Commissioner Frank L. Rizzo turned *I Am Furious (Purple)* and denounced it as "unadulterated filth." The city council majority leader, George X. Schwartz, went further: "I call on ministers, rabbis and priests to call on their congregations to boycott this film. If this picture is con-

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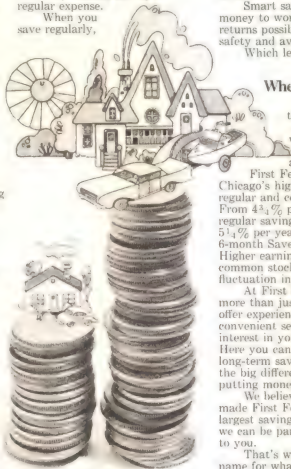
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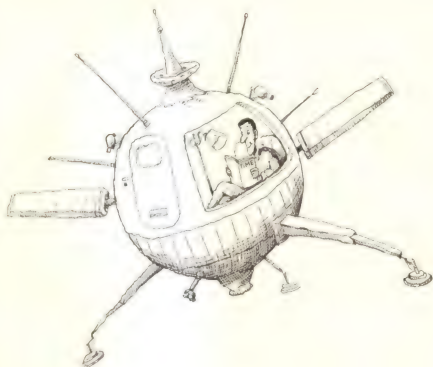
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CROWDS IN NEW YORK
Color it green (long).

tinued. God knows what will come next in Philadelphia."

What came next was lines a block long. *Curious* (Yellow) picked up enough long green to gross \$86,704 in its first week. What also came next was bomb threats and scalpers who sold \$2.50 tickets for \$10. The least predictable assault came from the Black Mothers for Liberty, a militant group who objected to the film's reference to Martin Luther King. Mayor James Tate capped the controversy by knocking the audience. "Many of the people who are standing in line," he fumed, "are degenerates." Actually, some are Pinkerton men scanning the ID cards of 17-year-olds, barred by the movie's X rating.

Most Nonchalant. In Washington, D.C., where the film is also playing, the scandal has been federal and political rather than civic and general. Charging that it showed "open fornication" on the screen, Senator Everett Dirksen cited the film as yet another reason for supporting his bill to limit Supreme Court power in obscenity hearings. Had he seen the film himself? "Lord, no," the Senator rumbled. That, and six letters to the theaters, have been the sole Washington grumbles to date.

In New York, where *I Am Curious* (Yellow) made its debut, viewers have been the most nonchalant of all. Undoubtedly distracted by worries of pollution and politics, audiences uttered no complaint when the subtitles slipped off-screen for one complete show, leaving nothing but nudes spouting Swedish. Apart from Philadelphia and Senator Dirksen, it seems, *Curious* has caused only one other stir. The over-the-counter stock of Grove Press, the movie's distributor, was selling at \$6.25 in October 1968. Last week as *Curious* (Yellow) moved out to other major cities shares were over \$30, and rising.

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